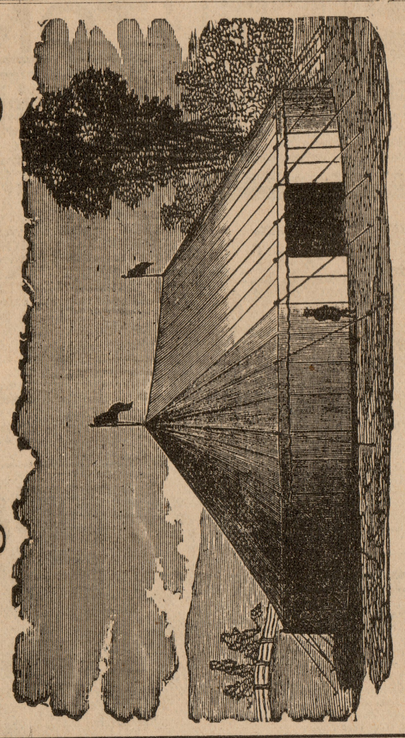
The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, AUG. 4, 1887. NUMBER 396.

COME TO THE

Evangelistic Meetings!



Now being held in the Tent opposite Hawkins House.

Week nights, Saturday excepted, at 7:45. Sunday at 3 and 7:30.

CONDUCTED BY

MAX ISAAC REICH AND THOS. D. W. MUIR.

NEW GROCERY!

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES.

In the rooms formerly occupied by Mrs. Martin as a millinery store, where

C. H. FOSTER,

Late of Albion, has put in a full stock of Choicest

STANDARD AND FANCY GROCERIES

Bought at bottom wholesale rates and cash discounts, and will be sold at prices as low as any house in the city.

Teas, Coffees and Spices a Specialty, and only the best goods in these lines handled. Country Produce bought and sold. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

C. H. FOSTER.

We are now in our

NEW BUILDING!

On Congress Street,

Where we will be pleased to see all our old and many new

CUSTOMERS.

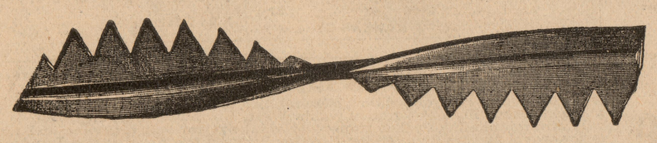
We are confident we can make satisfactory prices on all goods in our line.

FLOUR, FEED, BEANS, SEEDS, HAY, ETC., ETC.,

Wholesale and Retail.

Cash paid as heretofore for all produce.

O. A. AINSWORTH & CO.



"Marier! Marier!" yelled an excited farmer, the other day, as he rustled out of

J. H. Sampson's Hardware Store.

"Dump out them pertaters and make room!" "What for?" "I'm going to buy a lot of Barb Wire and a Gasoline Stove, for J. H. SAMPSON'S is the place to get goods cheap.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITHE & POWERS, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - PERRY F. POWERS.)

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THE CONTRACT AWARDED.—There were three bids presented for the erection of the new bank building under the revised plans. The bid of J. B. Palmer of Detroit, $18,800, being the lowest. Walker & Warner's bid was $23,500, and the bid presented by H. Goodspeed was $20,500. The contract will be given to the lowest bidder and work will be commenced in a few days.

THE PLANT REPLANTED—The City Council have reconsidered their decision relative to locating electric light plant in the fourth ward, and have purchased a site near the gas works in the third ward, from D. L Quirk, 53 x 80 feet, for which they pay $200. Work on the building will commence next week, under the supervision of Ald. Norton. The building will be erected at an expense to the city of about $1200.

TAX TALK.—Out of a total July assessment of $22,500 for this city, $20,864.47 was paid in before August 1, leaving $1635 53 to be collected by Marshal Cremer, with five per cent penalty attached. The fact that the city taxes were about $5000 heavier this summer than last made necessary many explanations by the tax collectors. There yet remains $60,000 unpaid on the Hillsdale railroad bonds, after the $5000 payment of the present year.

MISSIONARY MEETING.—Mr. Robert Wilder. nephew of J. Evart Smith, a young man recently graduated from Princeton College, will speak at the prayer-meeting at the Presbyterian church this evening. Mr. Wilder, together with another young man, has just completed a tour through all the colleges and seminaries of the country, making addresses on Foreign Missions and taking a list of those desiring to dedicate themselves to missionary work, which list embraces 1500 names. Mr. Wilder was born in India, and is son of Rev. R. G. Wilder, a returned missionary.

THE YPSILANTI BUSTLE.—Messrs. R. C. Hayton and Bruno St. James are busily engaged preparing the machinery and making other arrangements for the manufacture and introduction of their new patent bustle, reference to which has been before made in this paper. A number of samples of the new bustle have been made, and several of them are being worn in this city, and the praise given them by the ladies who have tried them, encourages the patentees of the article to believe that they are in possession of a bustle that will find extensive sale when fully introduced. It will be called the Ypsilanti Bustle, and if there is anything in a name, the new bustle has the advantage of it.

FOUND ON A DOORSTEP.— While going from his office near the depot to his home on Park street, about 11 o'clock Tuesday night, Frank Joslyn's attention was attracted by a peculiar-appearing bundle on the doorstep of Mr. O. B. Bradley, which upon closer examination proved to be a little boy baby, apparently about four weeks old. Mr. Bradley was notified of the presence of the little stranger, and it was taken into the house and kept until yesterday afternoon, when D. B. Green, Superintendent of the Poor, conveyed it to the County House. Beyond the fact that Mr. Joslyn remembers having met a closely-veiled woman hurrying towards the depot, from the direction of Mr. Bradley's residence, nothing is known as to the antecedents of the doorstep waif.

THEY MARCHED AWAY.— About fifty of the brave boys of Company H, under command of Will Hyzer donned their military uniforms yesterday morning, and with determination in their eyes and their muskets in their hand marched down the street to the drum's loud beat and the music of the band. Though we're glad they could go we shall miss them, we know, and shall long for the day they return, and if while at the lake they make any "bad break," or cause us to blush for our own, in the summers to come they can't follow the drum, but must do all their drilling at home. They'll be absent six days, so the state order says, that compels them to camp once each year; and the time's spent in drilling that's not passed in filling themselves with good cheer. Their camp is near Brighton, and the boys all unite on a wish to their friends to come up and visit them there, by the Island Lake fair, and with them to dine and to sup. And further, they say, if t[illegible]:me[illegible] —machine broken.

THE EMANCIPATION EXCURSION.—The excursion of the colored people to Detroit last Monday was the event of the season for the residents of Clarkville and their friends. More than four hundred and fifty persons from this city embarked on the excursion train Monday morning, and it is safe to assert that their show of happiness would not have been greater had it been the Gospel Train, bound for the New Jerusalem, of which they love to sing, instead of Michigan Central coaches bound for Detroit. Probably one half of the four hundred and fifty excursionists were investing their entire worldly assets in the enjoyment of the day, but that fact tended to intensify rather than diminish their expressive delight. We saw them again in the evening, after the pleasure of the day had been tasted and put aside, and then the expectant expression had given way to one of weary longing for rest. They had laughed away their gladness of the morning, had spent their cumulated coin, and though all agreed that they had never had so much fun in their lives, it was probably true of the colored excursionists, as with all mortals here below, that happiness complete exists only in hope and expectation, and that distance lends enchantment to the view.

The Races.

The Annual Agitation in Horse Circles—The Old Style and the New—Death of a Valuable Trotter.

There is little in the quiet, ordinary appearance of the city and lack of unusual activity in the business and other portions of Ypsilanti, to suggest the presence of any unusual attraction, or of the happening of anything beyond the usual incidents of life here this week. But you have only to invade what is familiarly known as "horse circles," to find yourself in the midst of a whirl of excitement and altercation that will speedily lead to the discovery that the races are now on.

The enjoyment of horse races, the pure and simple contest between two animals to determine which is the speedier of the two, in the excitement of which the horses themselves seem to heartily enter, is common to all ordinarily constructed mortals; but the pure and simple contest is a thing of the past, or has been relegated to farmer boys and country roads, and has been superseded by all the bewildering paraphernalia and mystifying terms and tricks of the race track of the present day, in which drivers and drugs and pools and pulls seem to enter into the races and to assist in determining their outcome to a degree quite as great as the speed of the horses. Such reflections, of course, are not especially applicable to the races now in progress here, under the auspices of the Central Michigan Circuit, but to the established machinery of the modern race track everywhere adopted and utilized.

Did the financial success of the race meeting depend to any great extent upon the admission receipts, the probabilities are that the present meeting would fail to pay expenses, but the income derived from the sale of ground privileges, entry fees, and pool percentage will easily pay all purses and expenses and leave a fair surplus in the hands of the Association.

The attendance on Tuesday, the first day of the meeting was very light, but was much better yesterday, and to-day and to-morrow will probaly see good crowds in attendance in spite of the exceedingly hot weather and the stifling dust.

But one race was finished Tuesday, that in the three minute class, and it was won by Dwight, a New York horse, owned by R. T. Park, in three stright heats; the second position was taken by Mollie Folbert, owned by S. Goodwill, of East Saginaw; the third by Kirkwood, owned by C. G. White, of Lapeer, and the fourth by Joe Hunter, owned by C. W. Hunter, of Charlotte. The best time made in the race was 2:37¼.

Five heats, with eleven horses in the race during the greater part of the time, were run in the 2:34 contest Tuesday afternoon, but the inability of any one of the flyers to lead at the judges' stand three heats while daylight lasted, made it necessary to postpone finishing the race until the next afternoon. The race was finally won by Belle of Shelby, but there was some energetic "kicking" done by the owner of Judge Hoadley, who had won two heats Tuesday evening, and come in first on a third heat but was set back for running.

An incident of Tuesday afternoon was the running away of Beuth, a Detroit horse, which went on a wild race around the track four times with an empty sulky, after having gone five heats in the race. The run resulted in the bursting of a blood vessel and the horse died Wednesday morning.

The 2:30 pacing race, Wednesday, was won by Wayne Wilkes; the three-year-old colt race by Lady Bullion, and the 2:25 trotting contest by Razor B. In the colt race Lady Bullion distanced her competitors, making a saving to the Association of the purses offered to the horses taking second, third and fourth positions. The fourth money in the 2:30 pacing race, and also that in the 2:25 trotting race, was saved to the Association by reason of the fourth position horses being distanced.

A Negative Notice.

Mr. J. J. Stephenson, the photographer, has purchased all the negatives made by Lewis & Gibson and their successor in this city, H. S. Humphreys, and will make photographs from them at the special prices recently offered by Mr. Humphreys, $2 per dozen, or $1.25 per half dozen, during the next sixty days.

Personal.

Mayor Cornwell returned from his seaside sojourn Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Thomas Welch of Greenville is visiting friends here this week.

Judge Ninde has been appointed administrator of the L. A. Barnes estate.

Prof. Barbour will occupy the pulpit at the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning.

Miss Carle Minor is spending her summer vacation with friends at Jackson and Iosco.

Frank Rathsburg of Imlay City spent several days of the past week visiting with friends here.

Miss Edith Landon, of Parma, is here for a few days' visit, the guest of Miss Lillian Lee.

Rev. W. H. Welton of Grand Rapids is spending a few days here, the guest of Mrs. Charles O. Barnes.

Mrs. Dr. McAndrew has been seriously ill during the past two weeks but is this week much improved.

Mrs. M. A. Smith left yesterday for St. Clair, where she will spend a week visiting with friends.

Miss Kittie Wier and Master Warner Spencer, of Manchester, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hall.

Fred Stebbins is off for a two weeks' vacation. He will probably make a water trip from Detroit to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Williams returned home Friday last from a two weeks' visit with relatives at Lakeside, Ohio.

John Wilson has joined his family at Petoskey and will indulge in a brief enjoyment of the cooling breezes of the north.

Miss Gracia Wiard has returned from Chicago, where she has been visiting with relatives during the past three weeks.

James Herrick, a long-time employe at the Peninsular paper mill, is now employed as foreman at the Dress Stay Factory.

Mrs. Emily Scott of New York city, a somewhat celebrated artist, is visiting here, the guest of her friend, Mrs. Joe Sanders.

Mr. Smithe, of THE YPSILANTIAN, and daughter Louise, arrived here Saturday from their four weeks' visit in New York.

Rudolph Sterling, now of Escanaba, a former well-known Ypsilanti young man, is visiting friends in this city and vicinity at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Coe returned Monday from their short bridal tour, and have entered upon the quiet enjoyment of matrimonial bliss.

Rev. T. W. MacLean and C. E. King arrived home Wednesday from their European trip, and were gladly greeted by their hosts of Ypsilanti friends.

Mrs. C. R. Champion and Miss May Lambert left Monday evening for a ride on the water from Detroit to Mackinac and return. They expect to arrive home this evening.

Mrs. Willard and two children, of Kansas City, are visiting the mother and sister of the former, Mrs. Cross and Mrs. Edwards, Summit street, and expect to remain several weeks.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McCorkle departed for Bay View Tuesday, where they will spend the next three weeks. Dr. McCorkle delivered a sermon yesterday morning on "Future Probation," by request and under the auspices of the Bay View Assembly.

George Alban and Ed. Dolson returned last Thursday night from a trip on the lakes. Their trip must have proven highly beneficial as both Mr. Alban and Mr. Dolson seem to have partially recovered from their former attenuated and feeble condition.

The Dexter Leader tells of a feat performed by Rannie George, Alex. Hardy and Wm. Putnam of this city, that of swimming across Base lake, a distance of half a mile, while camping there recently, which it says had not been before accomplished for several years.

Harry Thompson of this city, a member of the Normal graduating class of this year, has accepted the position of Principal of the Newberry, Mich., schools; and Geo. Fowler, also of the Normal class of '87, has been elected Principal of the Deerfield schools.

Herbert Humphrey bade a final good-bye to his friends here Tuesday and departed for Kalamazoo, where his parents reside and where his future permanent home will be. Herb has a large list of young friends in Ypsilanti and his departure will be much regretted.

A postal from Mr. Merle A. Breed gives us further information in regard to the Indianapolis school in which he has accepted a position for next year. It is a classical school, and its special work is to prepare students for the highest colleges. Mr. Breed will teach Latin and trigonometry.

Rev. G. H. Grannis the former pastor of the Congregational church here, now pastor of a St. Louis Congregational church, arrived here Tuesday evening and will make a short visit with his many Ypsilanti friends. He will occupy the pulpit of the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

A private letter received from Mr. Geo. B. Hodge, informs us that he has decided to accept the position of Principal of the Le Seur, Minn., school, tendered him after his acceptance of a position as a member of a Chicago engineering corps, he having secured a release from the latter engagement. His salary for the first year at Le Seur will be $1100.

Walter T. Williams arrived here Saturday, accompanied by his bride, formerly Miss Alberta Prebble, of York, Maine. They were married Tuesday of last week, July 26. Mr. and Mrs. Williams will visit with the former's relatives here during the present and next week, after which they will proceed to Salina, Kansas, where Mr. Williams is established in business.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Hill and family have taken up their residence in Detroit, the latter bidding good bye to her long-time home and friends here Tuesday. Mr. Hill has been in business in Detroit for several years, and during that time has been permitted to spend but one day in the week with his family. Mrs. Hill is a daughter of Mr. A. M. Noble, and the latter will make his home with her in Detroit, as he has here for several years.

Mere Mention.

Rev. Mr. Springer will deliver the union services sermon at the Baptist church next Sunday evening.

All the Ann Arbor folks have to do now, to catch a mess of fish, is to carry a pail to the penstock and turn on the water.

Mr. Archie Foster and J. R. Johnson, managers of the excursion of the colored people to Detroit last Monday, cleared $120 by the enterprise.

The third ward of this city is taking the lead in improvements this summer, twenty-three buildings being now in course of erection in that ward.

The residence of Mr. H. B. Lee was entered last Tuesday night, through the back door, by some petty pilferers and the pantry and kitchen cleared of all transportable edibles.

Wm. H. Deubel has bought the Skinner property on Washington street, incorrectly reported recently as purchased by Prof. Pease. The price paid by Mr. Deubel is said to have been $4800.

That much-mentioned theatrical absurdity, "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," will be the opening attraction at the Ypsilanti Opera House, August 16 It is said to be the funniest play ever written.

Another Ypsilanti saloonkeeper paid his liquor tax Monday. There are three saloons in that city who have not yet paid their tax and if the city gets hard up for money it will know where to look for $900.—Ann Arbor Argus.

Miss Minnie E. Folsom, a near relative of Frances Folsom Cleveland, the mistress of the White House, is preceptress of the Dakota Agricultural College at Brooking, of which Prof. McLouth, formerly of the Normal, is President.

The ladies of the Library Association request us to state that during the present month and September the Library room will be open from 3 to 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon, instead of from 2 to 5, as heretofore. Members and patrons of the Association will please remember the change.

Messrs. Muir and Reich, the tent evangelists, are keeping right on in their efforts to attract the attention of sinners, in spite of hot weather, races, and other impediments to success Whatever may be said as to their ability and talent in their line of work surely their perseverance must be admired.

No clue has yet been found that promises to lead to the detection of the person or persons who stole the horse and wagon and harness from John Maultbetsch, tenant of the Hewitt farm, last Thursday night. Some suspicions were for a time held as to the possible perpetrator of the robbery, but they have been abandoned.

The ladies of St. Luke,s Churh have been enthusiastically working for the raising of a fund sufficient to provide for the expense of removing the organ from the rear to the front part of the church, near the alter, during the absence their rector, Rev. Mr. MacLean. They have succeeded in raising one hundred dollars, by aid of concerts, socials, etc., which it is thought will pay the cost of the organ's removal.

At the residence of the bride's mother on Huron street, Tuesday morning of this week, occurred the marriage of Mr. Miles C. Peterson of Bay City to Miss Rachel M. Whipple of this city, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. S. D. Breed of Ann Arbor. Mr. Peterson has secured a most worthy young lady for his bride, and we bespeak for the young couple happy, useful lives. Their future home will be at Bay City.

The first business of the Citizens' Association should be to secure the extension of the stone sidewalk recently constructed on Huron street to the corner of Pearl street. If necessary a bonus should be paid to the owners of the buildings on the west side of the street to secure this improvement, as it would add more to the beauty of the Central part of the city than would many times its cost expended in any other way.

The residence of Reuben Cole, on Chicago avenue, was entered by burglars Tuesday night, and a quantity of eatables and a small sum in change were taken. Other houses were entered the same night, making it evident that a number of petty thieves have been attracted to the city by the races. Lock your doors and fasten your windows, and listen for strange noises in the dead hours of night, when graveyards yawn and bad men walk.

The members of the Ypsilanti Cricket club are somewhat elated over their victory at Grand Rapids last week, mention of which was made in our last issue, and they are also enthusiastic in their praises of the Grand Rapids cricketers for their hospitality and the many courtesies tendered them during their short stay there. The Grand Rapids club is an excellent one, and it required the best work the Ypsilantians were capable of to beat them. A return game on the Ypsilanti grounds will be arranged soon.

The monotony of life in a small city has been broken during the past week by the annual advent of the big bears, which dance and wrestle and go through other performances for the edification of the small boy and the large man. We might believe the bears just a little intelligent, if they did not betray their absolute stupidity by traveling in company with such miserable looking specimens of humanity as are now with them. We don't blame the bears for not eating them, but they might manage to get rid of them in some way.

The Ann Arbor Register spreads its wings over the fact that it was the only paper in its city to announce that an effort was being made to have President Cleveland and his wife visit Ann Arbor this fall. The reporters of the other papers probably permitted the "scoop" while scouring the city in search of some person who had visited Buffalo while Cleveland was Mayor of that city to present as an additional inducement to His Excellency to come, not being satisfied that Mrs. Rogers, whose husband the President had met was an attraction quite sufficient.

The ladies of St. Luke's church, east side, wish to thank Mr. and Mrs. Champlin for the use of their beautiful grounds and house for their "Garden Party." The party was a success both socially and financially. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Thompson assisted by Miss Nellie Chamberlain presented a very enjoyable program, the juvenile characters doing great credit to their training. The art exhibition, under the supervision of Mrs. Perkins, was a decided success, those who failed to be present missed a great opportunity of seeing the "Ypsilanti Masher," "the Relics of Other Days," "Common Sense," and many other wonderful curiosities.

It is probably too much to expect that any considerable number of the voters who opposed and defeated the water works proposition last spring will see anything in the present dusty, parched and disagreeable condition of the yards and streets of Ypsilanti, to suggest to them that possibly they saved themselves fifty cents in tax at the loss of many dollars in value of their property. With water works, Ypsilanti would be one of the most desirable summer residence cities in Michigan; without them, it cannot compare in comfort or convenience with any city or village that is supplied with water. We are not now addressing ourselves to the individuals who insist that they don't want water works because their fathers didn't have 'em, but to all who are willing to give the matter candid consideration in view of the present condition of things, and who will not go into convulsions at the thought of parting with a dollar if there is promise and certainty of receiving more than its value in return.

Obituary.

MRS. CAROLINE WEED.

Mrs. Caroline Weed, one of the oldest residents of Ypsilanti, died at her residence on Normal street last Thursday, after an extended and severe illness. Mrs. Weed was 78 years of age, and had resided in this city since 1830, coming here with her husband, the Rev. Ira M. Weed, about the first of July of that year. Mr. Weed was the first regular pastor of the Presbyterian church of this city and delivered his first sermon July 4, 1830. Mr. and Mrs. Weed resided here until 1847, when they removed to Chicago. They resided in that city 19 years, returning to Ypsilanti in 1866, and here they spent the remaining days of their lives. Mr. Weed died Nov. 30, 1871. They had but one child, Miss Carrie Weed, who survives her parents and resides in this city. Mrs Weed was an earnest, zealous Christian woman during all her life, and by faithful service fairly earned the higher happiness of the home beyond the grave.

Mrs. Duffy, the aged mother of Thomas Duffy and Mrs. Garrett Cross, died yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, and will be buried Friday; the funeral services to be held at the Catholic church Friday morning. Mrs. Duffy was 80 years of age. She was stricken with paralysis Tuesday of last week, July 26, and was unconscious from that time until her death.

Mrs. Elizabeth Berry died in Ann Arbor town, July 27, in her 89th year. She was a native of Columbia county, N. Y., and was the mother of W. O. Warner.

Mrs. Mary Chambers, a resident of Ann Arbor for several years, died last week, aged 72 years.

House For Sale.

Frame house, nine rooms, centrally located. Will be sold for $1000, if sold before September 1. Call at McCullough's Machine Works.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

Fashionable women shed more tears over spoiled dresses than over spoiled children.—*Louisville Democrat.*

Book agent—Is the lady of the house in? Servant maid—There are two of us. Which do you want to see?—*Tid-Bits.*

Briareus was the only mythological character who could be perfectly happy while driving out with his girl. He had 100 hands.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Robinson—Don't you think Simpkins is a very bright young man? Dumpsey—Well—yes; he would be if his cheek was polished.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Minister (making a call)—And do you always do as your mamma tells you to, Flossie? Flossie (emphatically)—I guess I do, and so does papa.—*New York Sun.*

An English writer says: "The girl of England stands alone." That's just the difference; the girl of America always has a host of admirers about her.—*Somerville Journal.*

First student of medicine—I say, Fritz, did you see those boys stick out their tongues at us? Second student—Yes, and it does me proud. They evidently take us for full-fledged doctors.—*From the German.*

She—John, why do you spend so much time at the ball games? Isn't it a waste of time and money to go every day? He—Heavens, Jennie, don't you want me to have some sort of standing in the business world?

"And what do you think of the engagement ring I sent you, Jennie?" inquired a lover, tenderly. Jenny answered in delighted tones: "Oh, it's beautiful—in fact, the handsomest one I ever had given to me."—*Judge.*

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis to Miss Breezy of Chicago)—Well, how is everything in Chicago? Dull as usual, I suppose. No; things are looking very bright? How is the pasturage in St. Louis?—*New York Sun.*

First farmer—Ever been up to the city? Second farmer—Once. "Only once, eh? Got took in, did ye?" "Yes, but I'm gettin' even on them thar city folks now." "Ye air? How?" "I'm takin' city boarders."—*Omaha World.*

The best and most potent anti-poverty society that we know anything about is the one formed by the close alliance of health, industry, and temperance. That association knocks poverty out every time.—*Marlboro Times.*

Sunday-school teacher—And now you may ask any question you like. (Little boy in the back row holds up his hand.) Teacher—Well, what is it, Willie? Willie—Be we goin' to have a picnic this year?—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

"Don't you suppose," said a member of the police force, "that a policeman knows a rogue when he sees him?" "No doubt," was the reply; "but the trouble is, that he does not seize a rogue when he knows him."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

"Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said a hotel manager to the leader of a summer band. "Ach! dot vos so. I bick 'em mineself," replied the bandmaster. "Well, then you picked them before they were ripe."—*Christian Union.*

"No," said Tompkins, "I no longer call on Miss Robinson. You know she's a fine performer on the piano, but I got tired of hearing the same piece every time I called?" "What was the piece?" asked Titmarsh. "Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'"—*New York Sun.*

Deacons who condemn the ballet attend the circus and watch with interest the saltatory exercises of the short-skirted female rider. The horse takes the curse off and makes this a moral entertainment. What a noble animal the horse is, to be sure!—*Boston Gazette.*

The Pimas in Arizona have a curious custom, the reason of which we know not, but it is probably an exercise of their peculiar superstitions. Every windy day may be seen as many as a dozen of the noble red men on Tampe Butte and down on the gale come the notes of a plaintive, rhythmic song, monotonous and weird.

If there is anything queenly and imperial about Victoria's appearance, of which there is much room for doubt, it is carefully left out of all portraits of her which are published. She might do for the ruler of a Grand Dutch-y, but for the head of an empire—never.—*Lowell Courier.*

Angelina—Whatever made you tell Uncle Harpagon you're making £5,000 a year, when, with all your hard work and all my economy we can scarcely make both ends meet? Edwin—My love, he's worth half a million, and if he thinks we don't want it he'll be very apt to leave it all to us.—*Punch.*

A 12-year-old lad of Sag Harbor, Maine, daily sits down to the table with his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother, and great-grandfather and two great-grandmothers. The little fellow has a hunted look and dodges at every word that is spoken.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A Vermonter attending a prayer-meeting in Massachusetts heard an elderly gentleman express his feelings in the following manner: "And we should all, my dear friends, bless the lord that we were not born in Africa, nor Vermont, nor any other dark corner of the world."—*St. Albans Messenger.*

In a book entitled "The Beer of the Bible," the author undertakes to prove that the leaven which the Israelites carried out of Egypt with them was an Egyptian beer called "hooza." This discovery is more important than at first thought it appears to be, for now it is easily understood why the Egyptian hosts took to water when the Israelites had run off with all the beer.—*Boston Transcript.*

Walter Murray Gibson, the American Premier of the Hawaiian Kingdom, is said to be not only the power behind the throne, but ambitious to mount the throne itself. He persistently declines to be knighted or decorated, and is likely to be the leader in the anticipated revolt against Kalakaua.

C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate, runs to all the fires in New York when able. He takes a morbid delight in seeing the flames leap and hearing them roar, and frequently remains for hours at conflagrations. Occasionally he is accompanied by Mrs. Huntington, who has the same desire in a modified form.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Subject: Preaching. Teaching and Exhortation.

TEXT: Or minstry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation. —[Romans, xii., 7, 8.

Before the world is converted the style of religious discourse will have to be converted. You might as well go into the modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows and arrows instead of rifles and bombshells and parks of artillery, as to expect to conquer this world for God by the old styles of exhortation and sermonology. Jonathan Edwards preached the sermons most adapted to the age in which he lived, but if those sermons were preached now they would divide the audience into two classes, those sound asleep and those wanting to go home.

But there is a religious discourse of the future—who will preach it I have no idea; in what part of the earth it will be born I have no idea; in which demoninations of Christians it will be delivered I can not guess. That discourse or exhortation may be born in the country meeting house on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Oregon, or the Ohio, or the Tombigbee, or the Alabama. The person who shall deliver it may at this moment be in a cradle under the shadow of the Sierra Nevadas, or in a New England farm house, or amid the rice fields of Southern savannas. Or this moment there may be some young man in some of our theological seminaries, in the junior or middle or senior class, shaping that weapon of power. Or there may be coming some new baptism of the Holy Ghost on the Churches, so that some of us who now stand in the watch-towers of Zion, waking to a realization of our present inefficiency, may preach it ourselves. That coming discourse may not be fifty years off. And let us pray God that its arrival may be hastened, while I announce what I think will be the chief characteristics of that discourse or exhortation when it does arrive, and I want to make the remarks of the morning appropriate and suggestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that the future religious discourse will be full of a living Christ in contradistinction to didactic technicalities. A discourse may be full of Christ though hardly mentioning his name, and a sermon may be empty of Christ while every sentence is repetitions of his titles. The world wants a living Christ, not a Christ standing at the head of a formal system of theology, but a Christ who means pardon and sympathy and condolence, and brotherhood and life and heaven.

That sermon or exhortation of the future will not deal with men in the threadbare illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that coming address there will be instances of vicarious suffering taken right out of every day life, for there is not a day somebody is not dying for others. As the physician saving his diphtheritic patient by sacrificing his own life; as the ship captain going down with his vessel while he is getting his passengers into the life boat; as the fireman consuming in the burning building while he is taking a child out of a fourth story window; as in summer the strong swimmer of East Hampton, or Long Branch, or Cape May, or Lake George, himself perished in trying to rescue the drowning; as the newspaper boy one summer, supporting his mother for some years, his invalid mother, when offered by a gentleman fifty cents to get some especial paper, and he got it, and rushed up in his anxiety to deliver it, and was crushed under the wheels of the train, and lay on the grass with only strength enough to say: "Oh, what will become of my poor sick mother now?"

Vicarious suffering. The world is full of it. An engineer said to me on a locomotive in Dakota:

"We men seem to be coming to a better appreciation than we used to. Did you see that account the other day of an engineer who, to save his passengers, stuck to his place, and when he was found dead in the locomotive, which was upside down, he was found still smiling, his hand on the air brake?"

And as the engineer said it to me, he put his hand on the air brake to illustrate his meaning, and I looked at him and thought:

"You would be just as much of a hero in the same crisis."

Oh, in that religious discourse of the future there will be living illustrations taken out from every day life of vicarious suffering—illustrations that will bring to mind the ghastlier sacrifice of Him who, in the high places of the field, on the cross fought our battles, and wept our grief, and endured our struggle, and died our death.

A German sculptor made an image of Christ, and he asked his little child, two years old, who it was, and she said:

"That must be some very great man."

The sculptor was displeased with the criticism, so he got another block of marble and chiseled away on it two or three years, and then he brought in his little child, four or five years of age, and he said to her:

"Who do you think that is?"

She said: "That must be the one who took little children in his arms and blessed them."

Then the sculptor was satisfied. Oh, my friends, what the world wants is not a cold Christ, not an intellectual Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ, but a loving Christ, spreading out his arms of sympathy to press the whole world to his loving heart.

But I remark again that the religious discourse of the future will be short. Condensation is demanded by the age in which we live. No more need of long introductions and long applications, and so many divisions to a discourse that it may be said to be hydra-headed. In other days men got all their information from the pulpit. There were few books and there were no newspapers, and there was little travel from place to place, and people would sit and listen two and a half hours to a religious discourse, and "seventeenthly" would find them fresh and chipper.

Napoleon in an address of seven minutes thrilled his army, and thrilled Europe. Christs sermon on the mount, the model sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not electricity scattered all over the sky that strikes, but electricity gathered in a thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not religious truth scattered over, spread out over a vast reach of time, but religious truth projected in compact form that flashes light upon the soul and rives its indifference.

But I remark also that the religious discourse of the future, of which I speak, will be a popular discourse. There are those in these times who speak of a popular sermon as though there must be something wrong about it. As these critics are dull themselves, the world gets the impression that a sermon is good in proportion as it is stupid. Christ was the most popular preacher the world ever saw, and considering the small number of the world's population, had the largest audience ever gathered. He never preached anywhere without making a great sensation. People rushed out in the wilderness to hear him, reckless of their physical necessities. So great was their anxiety to hear Christ that, taking no food with them, they would have famished and starved had not Christ performed a miracle and fed them.

Why did so many people take the truth at Christ's hands? Because they all understood it. He illustrated his subject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel measure, by a handful of salt, by a bird's flight and by a lily's aroma. All the people knew what he meant and they flocked to him. And when the religious discourse of the future appears it will not be Princetonian, not Rochesterian, not Andoverian, not Middletonian, but Olivetic—plain, practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive of all the woes, wants, sins, sorrows and necessities of an auditory.

But when that exhortation or discourse does come there will be a thousand gleaming scimetars to charge on it. There are in so many thelogical seminaries professors telling young men how to preach, themselves not knowing how, and I am told that if a young man in some of our theological seminaries says anything quaint or thrilling or unique, faculty and students fly at him and set him right, and straighten him out, and smooth him down, and chop him off, until he says everything just as everybody else says it.

Oh, when the future religious discourse of the Christian Church, arrives, all the Churches of Christ in our gre at cities will be thronged. The world wants spiritual help. All who have buried their dead want comfort. All know themselves to be mortal and to be immortal and they want to hear about the great future. I tell you my friends, if the people of our great cities who have had trouble only thought they could get practical and sympathetic help in the Christian Church, there would not be a street in New York, or Brooklyn, or Chicago, or Charleston, or Philadelphia, or Boston, which would be passible on the Sabbath day if there was a church on it; for all the people would press to that asylum of mercy, that great house of comfort and consolation.

But, I remark again, the religious discourse of the future will be an awakening sermon. From the altar-rail to the front door-step under that sermon an audience will get up and start for heaven. There will be in it many a staccato passage. It will not be a lullaby; it will be a battle charge. Men will drop their sins, for they will feel the hot breath of pursuing retribution on the back of their necks. It will be sympathetic with all the physical distresses as well as the spiritual distresses of the world. Christ not only preached, but he healed paralysis, and he healed epilepsy, and he healed the dumb and the blind and ten lepers.

That religious discourse of the future will be an every day sermon, going right down into every man's life, and it will teach him how to vote, how to bargain, how to plow, how to do any kind of work he is called to, how to wield trowel, and pen and pencil and yardstick and plane. And it will teach women how to preside over their households, and how to educate their children, and how to imitate Miriam and Esther and Vashti and Eunice, the mother of Timothy, and Mary, the mother of Christ: and those women who on the Northern and Southern battle-fields were mistaken by the wounded for angels of mercy fresh from the throne of God.

The most graceful and most beautiful thing on earth is the religion of Jesus Christ, and if you awkwardly present it, it is defamation. We must do our work rapidly and we must do it effectively. Soon our time for work will be gone.

A dying Christian took out his watch and handed it to a friend and said:

"Take that watch, I have no further use for it; time is ended for me and eternity begins."

Oh, my friends, when our watch has ticked away for us the last moment and our clock has struck for us the last hour, may it be found we did our work well; that we did it in the very best way, and whether we preached the Gospel in pulpits or taught Sabbath classes, or administered to the sick as physicians, or bargained as merchants, or plead the law as attorneys, or were busy as artisans or as husbandmen or as mechanics, or were like Martha, called to give a meal to a hungry Christ, or like Hannah, to make a coat for a Prophet, or like Deborah to rouse the courage of some timid Barak in the Lord's conflict, we did our work in such a way that it will stand the test of the judgment. And in the long procession of the redeemed that march around the throne, may it be found there are many there, brought of God through our instrumentality and in whose rescue we are exultant.

But, O you unsaved, wait not for that religious discourse of the future. It may come after your obsequis. It may come after the stone-cutter has chiseled our names on the slab, fifty years before. Do not wait for a great steamer of the Cunard or White Star Lines to take you off the wreck, but hail the first craft with however low a mast, and however small a hulk, and however poor a rudder, and however weak a captain. Better a disabled schooner that comes up in time than a full-rigged brig that comes up after you have sunken.

Instead of waiting for that religious discourse of the future—it may be forty, fifty years off—take this plain invitation of a man who, to have given you spiritual insight, would be glad to be called the spittle by the hand of Christ put on the eyes of a blind man, and who would consider the highest compliment of this service, if at the close 500 men should start from these doors, saying:

"Whether he be a sinner or no, I know not. This one thing I know, whereas I was blind now I see."

Swifter than shadows over the plain, quicker than birds in their autumnal flight, hastier than eagles to their prey, hie you to a sympathetic Christ. The orchestras of heaven have already strung their instruments to celebrate your rescue.

And many were the voices around the throne:
Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own.

Life in Arkansas.

"Uncle Josephus, I understand that there was quite a battle down at your house the other night, said the governor of Arkansas, speaking to an old negro whose duty it is to stay about the state-house during sessions of the general assembly to keep the legislators from carrying off anything.

"Well, sah, we had a right sharp time down dar, sho's yer born'd, we did."

"I thought that it was to be a prayer meeting."

"So did I, sah, an' so it wuz an' woulder been hadn't been fur dem blame Merferdis'. Da come down dar er mixin' wid us Baptists w'en da wa'n't 'vited. Eber'thing went erlong mighty well at fust, till Brudder Jake Harvey 'lowed that it was time for pra'r. Den er Merferdis' 'oman she bounced up, she did, an' wanted ter know ef we wa'n't gwine ter hab nuthin' ter eat. 'Look heah,' says I, 'does yer think dis is er haug-killin'?' 'O no; says she, "fur I ain't seed none o' yo' folks gittin' killed yit.' Laws er massy, how ashy dat 'spress did made on me! I jes' ached, I did, ter flatten dat lady out ergin de wall, but I put mer hoof on mer temper ter hol' it down, an' satisfied merse'f by boxin' her jaw."

"What! you didn't strike her!"

"Who didn't strike her?" he replied, doggedly, shaking his head. "I reckon I did strike her, an' right den dar burgun er 'formance dat wa'n't much like er pra'r-meetin', fur, bein' diserp'inted in eatin' dem Merferdis' wuz hotter'n b'ilin' soap. Dat's de way wid dem Meferdis', sah. Allus thinkin' 'bout eatin'. I 'spizes 'em."

"Was anybody hurt during the fight?"

"Wall, yas, sah, 'pear like dar wuz. Some pizenous pusson hit my wife wid suthin' and laid her up, an' doan yer think, sah, dat lady thinks I done it? Yas, she do, gubnor; yas, she do. Thinks so 'case seberal days ergo she hit me wid er rock. Tell de truf, I did sorter draw back at her. Er haw, haw!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Paris Beauties.

In the Prussian Chambers of Deputies Herr von Ziedemann made the horrifying statement that in Posen he had met with a burgo-master who was quite unable to remember when he had washed himself last. But it is a well-known fact that a considerable number of Parisian ladies, admired for their beauty, never wash themselves at all. Face, neck, and shoulders are carefully wiped every morning with a dry towel, and then rubbed with a fine ointment; they then appear in all the freshness of youth, with tints varying from dazzling white to a deep pink. Only once a year—generally in autumn—the complexion begins to show crakes and wrinkles; then the beautiful lady disappears for a season. All visitors are refused admission; madame indisposed. A fortnight later she emerges like a chrysalis, as beautiful as ever. She has undergone a transformation, a kind of molting process, which is kept a close secret from everybody except her husband, who has to pay for it to the tune of 2,000 francs. Her far-famed beauty is the work of the emeilleuse, a personage quite familiar to English readers who are old enough to remember the case of Mme. Rachel. I know several ladies who twenty-five or thirty years ago were distinguished for their beauty at the Court of the late Emperor, and whose youthful appearance is to-day the subject of universal admiration. Of course this artificial crust effectually prevents any facial expression of the lady's feelings; she can only smile faintly with her lips, she is incapable of blushing, and remains cold and impassive, like a statue.—*Vossische Zeitung.*

Horrors of Solitary Confinement.

Passanante, the Neapolitan cook who attempted to assassinate King Humbert and dangerously wounded Prime Minister Cairoli some five or six years ago, is now lying at the point of death. Condemned to imprisonment for life he was incarcerated in a large circular cell in the Portoftrraio convict prison on the Island of Elba. The walls of the dungeon are psrfdctly white, with nothing on which to rest the eye, daylight being admitted through a small skylight in the domed ceiling. Condemned to solitary confinement, with no books or work to pass away the long, dreary hours, the man soon became a hopeless imbecile. His appearance is horrible. Want of exercise has produced obecity almost elephantiasis, and the rolling eyes, the shaven head and face, and yellow, greasy looking skin conduce to make him utterly repulsive to the sight.

Tight Lacing.

A London single woman, 52 years of age, died suddenly from tight lacing. She could hardly breathe, and the lungs not being allowed free play, a blood vessel had burst, producing syncope. Although the victim of folly had certainly reached years in which discretion usually comes, she died as a warning to similar foolish and wicked fashion followers. It is known that the English are especially prone to tight lacing, but in this country one frequently hears of long invalidism from the desire to manufacture a small waist.

To keep off horse flies, procure a bunch of smart-weed, and bruise it to cause the juice to exude. Rub the animal thoroughly with the bunch of bruised weed, especially on the legs, neck and ears. This remedy is said to be good against flies, or other insects for 24 hours. The process should be repeated every day.

Amusing Metaphors.

George Stephenson was once asked by a scientific lady what he considered the most powerful force in nature. "Oh," said he in a gallant spirit, "I will soon answer that question; it is the eye of the woman for the man who loves her; for if a woman look with affection on a young man, and he should go to the uttermost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back. There is no other force in nature that can do that."

Equally ready with a similitude was the negro, who, when giving evidence in court, was asked about the honesty of a neighbor. "I know nothing against him," was the reply; "but if I was a chicken I would roost high when he was hanging around."

A thoughtful writer describes one-eyed travelers who see a great deal of some particular class of objects and are blind to all others, and adds: "The Irish jaunting car, in which the passengers sit back to back, is a sort of type of what befalls many tourists in Ireland. Each sees a great deal, and reports faithfully what he has seen on one side of the road, and the other on the other. One will have seen all that is green, and the other all that is orange."

"A cunning knave can form no notion of a nobler nature," says the same writer. "He is like the goats on Robinson Crusoe's island, which saw clearly everything below them, but very imperfectly what was above them, so that Robinson could never get at them from the valleys; but when he came upon them from the hilltop, he took them quite by surprise."

Ridicule, says a German critic, is like a blow with the fist; wit, like the prick of a needle; irony, like the sting of a thorn; and humor, the plaster which heals all these wounds. All of these qualities may be found insome metaphors.

Man is said to be an animal that has a mania for getting up societies and making himself president. If the presidency has been already claimed, he contents himself with the position of treasurer. In a cynical old bachelor's opinion, ideas are like beards—men only get them when they are grown up, and women never have any. It was probably another old bachelor who said: "Nature shudders when she sees a woman throw a stone; but when a woman attempts to split wood, Nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldering cave in temporary despair." A spinster says old bachelors are frozen-out old gardeners in the flower-bed of love.

To say that a coquette is a rose-bush from which each young beau plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband, is not very complimentary. Compliments are the coin that people pay a man to his face; sarcasm what they pay him out with behind his back.

A farmer said: "One thing I don't like about city folks—they be either so stuck up that yer can't reach 'em with a haystack pole, or so blamed friendly that they forget to pay their board."

A rural old poet said of his lady love, "She is graceful as a water-lily, while her breath is like an armful of clover." An American poet wrote a eulogy of Washington, whose glorious life should compose a volume as Alps immortal, spotless as its snows. The stars should be its types, its press the age, the earth its binding, and the sky its page. Truly, some American poets go in for marvels of metaphor.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Snifkins—Mr. Swiggins, I must thank you for the rendition of that last song. I don't remember when anything sounded so grateful to my ears. Swiggins—Yes; I have been very much complimented on that little piece. —Snifkins—It was splendid. You sang so loud that Mrs. Coldcash couldn't hear a word of what I was saying to her daughter in the corner. Do sing again!—*Tid-Bits.*

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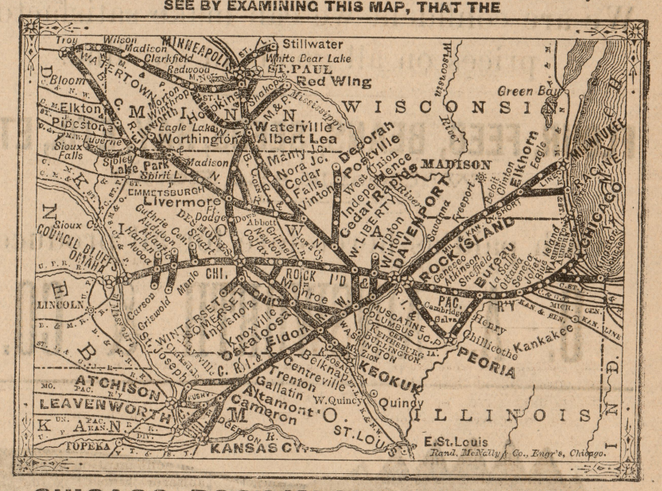

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He Discovers a Gigantic Swindle in the Prices Paid for Ties.

The Missouri Pacific Cheated out of a Cool Million.

The Globe-Democrat says that during a recent trip over his southwestern roads Mr. Gould discovered that there were in his confidence some persons who were making lively work with his profits. He found that the price paid for railroad ties at Bald Knob, Gulliver, and Forest City, Ark., was from 21 to 23 cents apiece, while Contractor Cowan charged the company nearly 10 cents per tie more. In Texas Mr. Gould is said to have learned that ties for which his road had paid 38 cents apiece had been supplied to contractors within ten miles of Texarkana for 23 cents, while in other sections of Texas the cost to the contractor had been from 28 to 30 cents. Mr. Gould further learned, it is claimed, that this corner in the tie market scooped in not only the Iron Mountain, but the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, the Rock Island, and even others, and that the corner had been nurtured for three years. The number of ties for which exhorbitant prices have been paid exceeded ten millions, and the Missouri Pacific is said to have lost about $1,000,000. It is alleged that there were some changes in the subordinate departments of the road as the result of this discovery, and the idea is conveyed that some of Mr. Gould's trusted officials were concerned in the large profits made in these ties.

LOSING STRENGTH.

The Decrease of the Knights of Labor Membership as Viewed in Rhode Island.

A Providence special says: The announcement that the reports of the Massachusetts Knights of Labor show that the order has lost largely in membership creates no surprise in this state, where the order has exercised but little influence on the course of industry for many months. When the manufacturers of Rhode Island organized for self-protection about a year ago they resolved that there should be no interference by Knights of Labor with their business, and to this resolve they have strictly adhered. The manufacturers have in every instance refused to arbitrate or to listen to any suggestions as to arbitration by committees of Knights of Labor, and they have given unequivocal evidence of their purpose to adhere to this line of conduct.

Thus, while there has been no lock-out of Knights of Labor, as such, membership in the order is not a recommendation to promotion in the mills, and the acceptance of office in a Knight of Labor assembly is considered as standing in the way, not exactly of employment, but of an employer's favor and confidence. This is the actual situation in great industries of this state, and apparently also of Massachusetts, and it is not surprising, therefore, that there is a decrease in membership.

SWEPT BY FLOODS.

Massachusetts Counties Under Water. —Contradictory Reports of Loss of Life.

A special from Great Barrington, Mass., says: A cloud burst at North Hillsdale, twelve miles from here. The water divided on the Taconic mountain range, half of it going down the Harlem road. Bridges were washed away below Chatham. An engine was sent out, but the bridge behind it was carried off and the engine became stranded. Traffic was suspended and passengers transferred via the Boston & Albany road. The Hillsdale plow works are gone. In this section the water rose ten feet in half an hour. Green river's ten bridges are all gone, also its dams—hundreds of tons in weight. Acres of grain were destroyed. Many cattle were drowned. The water is over the Housatonic railroad both here and at Sheffield. A gaseous ball two feet in diameter descended here and burst with a report louder than a cannon.

A short dispatch says that eighteen persons were drowned on the New York side of the Taconic range, but late dispatches from Great Barrington say only one life was lost.

AN ESCAPED BOODLER.

W. J. McGarigle, the Convicted Ex-Warden Missing.

Ex-Warden W. J. McGarigle, the convicted Chicago boodler, escaped from the personal custody of Sheriff Matson last Saturday night, from McGarigle's house where the sheriff had taken him to visit his family. Under pretense of taking a bath he made good his escape, which had evidently been pre-arranged. After making a fruitless hunt for McGarigle Sheriff Matson notified the city police department and every detective and patrolman on the force was put on the lookout for the fugitive, but without success.

The Fat and the Lean.

It is generally supposed that fat people have much more blood than others. On the contrary, they have less. The blood they have, moreover, is really poor, while the fat fills the space which is required even for the circulation of that. Fat people have, then, less vital energy than the thin, not possessing sufficient blood to bring every organ up to its full working power, and the fat hindering what blood there is from flowing freely enough to the organs, especially at the moment of action requiring it. Beside all this, the fat obstructs the play of the lungs, so that sufficient air can not be inhaled to purify the blood; the natural and necessary combustion is thus so interfered with that the functions of the body are hindered. It follows that too much exertion should always be guarded against in people of large and fatty development, and too much should never be expected of them.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

"Suppose I shall see you at your father's funeral?" said a friend to a young man of the period. "Naw; should like to be there, but I'll be busy in court opening succession and heading off mother in a will contest. See you later if I succeed."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"What is the chief peculiarity of the Canadian climate?" said a school examiner. "It is beneficial to bank cashiers," said the bright boy of the class, "but very deadly to reformers."

The Agent of the German Baptist Publication Society, Cleveland, O., Mr. H. Schulte writes "We keep St. Jacob's Oil on hand and consider it most valuable in case of burns, scalds, &c." Use according to directions.

A Cultured Boston Dog.

One of the most intelligent dogs in a neigboring city is Donald, who is never more proud than when he knows he is useful. Every evening he goes for the milk, and brings back the can without spilling a drop of the liquid, though he is all alone and without supervision. The other night the cork came out of the can as he approached home. He placed the can on the ground, turned over the stopper, and seemed greatly distressed. He realized that something was wrong. Once he felt terribly abused. As he was trotting along with the can in his mouth a rongh-looking fellow cried, "Get out, you cur." Donald, as if appreciating an insult, lowered his tail, and crept home with a most injured air. As soon as he had given up his can he slunk into the most remote corner of the stable and nursed his insult for hours.—*Boston Journal.*

Mr. J. W. Mervis, 28 Rock Street, Lowell, Mass. writes: "I was taken with a crick in the neck and suffered agony. St. Jacob's Oil cured me." For sale by Druggists and Dealers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Peculiarities.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who wrote that little book, "Poems of Passion," which set the ideal world on fire a couple of years ago, could scarcely be called "cold." Her draperies are spoken of as "poems in fabric, her figure called perfect, and her manners are certainly charming enough. I have seen her sit down beside a railroad president—quite close to him, in fact,—and chatter away at him for half an hour, at the end of which time he filled out a year's pass in her name and presented it to her. She charms everyone (all men and nearly all women) who come in contact with her, and has a special faculty for darning stockings.

She has almond eyes, like the Cubans, brown and bright, and, though she is 38 years old and a wife of three years' standing, looks like a girl fresh from the village school-house.

An eminent physician says our seventeen months old baby drinks Moxie as he would milk "ad libitum," and we have failed to discover any reaction more than from milk. 50c. quart bottle. For sale everywhere.

The Oxford Copper and Sulphur Company has made a successful application for the appointment of a receiver. The capital of the company is $1,000,000, and its property consists of mines in Canada, factories, real estate, and personal property, valued at about $400,000. The factory is located at Constable Hook, Bergen Point, N. J.. The Fidelity Title and Deposit Company of Newark, was appointed receiver. The papers have been served on the President and Manager of the Copper Company, and its business will be wound up as rapidly and economically as possible. The failure is supposed to have been caused by large purchases at big figures of copper, which, on account of the demands of certain creditors, the company was compelled to sell at a great sacrifice in consequence of the recent shrinkage in copper.

An enterprising market gardener in that highly cultured suburb of Boston, Cambridge, gets ahead of his competitors in the early spring by using steam for forcing purposes. His beds, it is said, have not only the glass coverings which are provided for ordinary hot-beds, but a novel arrangement in addition, in the shape of a system of underground steam pipes. These are for the benefit of uncovered beds as well as for those that are glass covered; so that in early May, when the ordinary hot-bed has gone by, the forcing process may still go on, even in uncovered out-door beds, by means of this "bottom heat" in the pipes. The plan is said to pay.—*Syracuse Evening Herald.*

Parnell wears several elaborate rings presented to him while he was in Kilmainham jail.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water.

The Rev. Frank H. Chalfant, of Pittsburg, joins an elder brother in Northern China as a missionary.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c,

Anna Katherine Green (Mrs. Rohlfs, her married name) moves from Brooklyn to Buffalo.

Fits.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St , Phila., Pa.

Lieutenant Schwatzka has seen huge mammoth tusks of pure ivory, in Alaska, in the curve of which a man may stand.

The Richmond (Va.) State is agitating the establishment of a Confederate museum.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time, her first-born's breath,
And thou art terrible!

The untimely death which annually carries off thousands of human beings in the prime of youth, is indeed terrible. The first approach of consumption is insidious, and the sufferer himself is the most unconscious of its approach. One of the most alarming symptoms of this dread disease is, in fact, ineradicable hope, which lurks in the heart of the victim, preventing him from taking timely steps to arrest the malady. That it can be arrested in its earlier stages is beyond question, as there are hundreds of well-authenticated cases where Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a complete cure.

London has a police army of 13,849 men. The Chief has a salary of $10,500 a year.

Seeds That Germinate Quickly.

The human system is a fruitful soil, and among seeds that germinate most rapidly in it are those of rheumatism and neuralgia. A slight cold, brought on by sitting in a draught, wet feet or damp clothes, will develop either of those abominable, painful maladies with unpleasant rapidity. The proper preventive of this agonizing vegetation is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which nullifies a tendency to either of the maladies named, and soothes the aches which they cause. Nor is it less effective as a remedy for rheumatism than as its preventive, a fact as amply attested as any other relating to its curative properties. Mariners, miners, frontiersmen, and others, have ever found it a faithful preservative of health in unfavorable regions, and a benign remedy for malarial disorders, and stomach, liver and bowel complaints. It is a fine promoter of appetite and a capital tonic.

A recent government sale of smuggled opium in San Francisco brought $46,500.

Ohio oil men are excited over the reports of a young oil volcano totally unlike anything in the history of oil wells. The gusher is located in Wood county. Reports indicate that the oil is flowing in small rivers and flooding the entire surrounding country. Vast pools of oil are being formed and the flow is still undiminished. The gusher is owned by the Vandergrifts of Jamestown, N. Y., and Pittsburg. They have been doing their utmost to keep the matter quiet. When the well was plugged the casing, sixty feet in length, was blown out with terrific force, smashing the derrick. For three days it has been impossible to get in the vicinity of the well. Stones, rocks, and large quantities of mud are hurled long distances. The surface of earth about the mouth of the well has been excavated for rods in diameter and the derrick lies buried beneath the debris. The well is beyond all control. It is near the Toledo, Columbus & Southern track, half-way between Cygnet and Mermill. Oil-men are hurrying to the new country, which has just been opened, and it is feared that the discovery will force the price of Ohio oil down below 20 cents per barrel. It is impossible to estimate the amount of the flow of the oil.

A Trial by Jury.

That great American jury, the people, have rendered a unanimous verdict in favor of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the standard remedy for bowel and stomach disorders billiousness, sick headache, dizziness, constipation and sluggish liver.

A striking instance of labor-saving-machinery is that which makes tin cans. One of the machines used in the process solders the longitudinal seams of the cans at the rate of fifty a minute, the cans rushing along in a continuous stream; of course a drop or two of solder is left on the can. The drop on the outside is easily wiped off, but it is not so easy to secure the drop on the inside. An ingenious workman has patented an arrangement for wiping the inside of the can without stopping the machinery. Result, several thousand dollars in royalties in his own pocket and a saving of $15 worth of solder per day to the firm that uses it. Thirty thousand cans is a day's work for this machine.

Man, Woman or Child attacked with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gravel or Urinary Complaints should use the best weapon—Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Cure. It goes right to the spot. Price 25c, $1.00.

Many good sportsmen abroad shoot with both eyes open, and now the British volunteers are advised to do the same.

Zinc Collar Pads for Horses.

This is not an advertising paper, but for the good of horses we take pleasure in saying that after many conversations with horsemen and seeing many certificates of veterinary surgeons and others, we believe that for curing and preventing sores on horses, there has been no better invention than the Ross zinc and leather collar pads, patented, manufactured and sold by Dexter Curtis, of Madison, Wis., who was superintendent of the department of horses at the World's New Orleans Exposition.—[From the Humane Society Journal, "Our Dumb Animals."

A Boston Walt Whitman society will pay a weekly pension to the "good gray poet."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Feeding racks filled with old hay are to be seen in many of the cow pastures near this city.

Scrofula

Probably no form of disease is so generally distributed among our whole population as scrofula. Almost every individual has this latent poison coursing his veins. The terrible sufferings endured by those afflicted with scrofulous sores cannot be understood by others, and their gratitude on finding a remedy that cures them, astonishes a well person. The wonderful power of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

in eradicating every form of Scrofula has been so clearly and fully demonstrated that it leaves no doubt that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. It is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists.

100 Doses One Dollar

35 MEDALS AWARDED TO BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTER

Cures Pleurisy, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Weakness, Colds in the Chest and all Aches and Strains.

Beware of imitations under similar sounding names. Ask for Benson's and take no other.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Quaker Testimony.

Mrs. A. M. Dauphin, of Philadelphia, has done a great deal to make known to ladies there the great value of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as a cure for their troubles and diseases. She writes as follows: "A young lady of this city while bathing some years ago was thrown violently against the life line and the injuries received resulted in an ovarian tumor which grew and enlarged until death seemed certain. Her physician finally advised her to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound. She did so and in a short time the tumor was dissolved and she is now in perfect health. I also know of many cases where the medicine has been of great value in preventing miscarriage and alleviating the pains and dangers of child-birth. Philadelphia ladies appreciate the worth of this medicine and its great value."

Sent by mail in Pill and Lozenge form on receipt of price, $1. Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Also in liquid form, at all Druggists.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED AT HOME. NO PAIN. Nervousness, Lost sleep or interference with business. Directions simple. Terms Low. Treatment sent on trial and NO PAY asked until you are benefited. 1,000 Cures in Six Months. Particulars FREE. THE HUMANE REMEDY CO., LAFAYETTE, Ind.

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy rre the thousands it has cured.

Howels gives his morning hours in his Lake George cottage to his writing and his afternoon to his family and friends.

OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS THE BEST TONIC

Trade Mark. QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

Strengthens the Muscles, Steadies the Nerves, Enriches the Blood, Gives New Vigor.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Fairfield, Iowa, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best Iron medicine I have known in my 30 years' practice. I have found it specially beneficial in nervous or physical exhaustion, and in all debilitating ailments that bear so heavily on the system. Use it freely in my own family."

Mr. W. F. Brown, 537 Main St., Covington, Ky., says: "I was completely broken down in health and troubled with pains in my back. Brown's Iron Bitters entirely restored me to health."

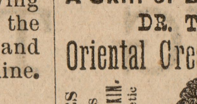
Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

PATENTS Obtained for $20 by R. B. Merriwether Attorney, St. Louis. Mo. Advice free

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

DETECTIVES

Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under our instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Send stamp for particulars. GRANNAN DETECTIVE BUREAU, 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.



BOSS COLLAR PAD.

Zinc is pressed into heavy sole leather on underside. Presents a smooth zinc surface. Always cool. Never wrinkles. Dirt does not stick to it. Easy cleaned. If you had a raw sore how would you like a scabby, wrinkled, dirty piece of leather, or a soft, heating pad on it? The BOSS PAD is for sale at all Harness shops and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. D. CURTIS, Madison, Wis.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FRED. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. ☞Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT. KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

A MEDICAL VICTORY! Cures Brights' Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Torpid Liver. It dissolves Gall-Stones and Gravel.

SYMPTOMS and CONDITIONS of Urine for which this Remedy should be taken.

Scalding Stoppage Blood-tinged
Diabetic Albumen Brick-dust
Dropsical Dribbling Milky-pink
Headache Frequent Costiveness
Boneache Nervous Redish-dark
Uric-acid Settlings Catarrhache
Backache Nervcache Phosphates
Bad-taste Foul-Breath Gall-color

IT IS A SPECIFIC. *Every dose goes to the spot.*

Relieves and Cures *internal* Slime-fever Canker, Dyspepsia, Anæmia, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhœa and Gout.

It Eliminates Blood Impurities, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Syphilis, Pimples, Blotches, Fever-sores, and Cancer-taints.

It is a most Wonderful Appetizer. Builds up Quickly a Run-down Constitution. ☞Tell your neighbors all about it.

PRICE 25c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

☞Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A. *Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free.)* All letters of inquiry promptly answered. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SWAYNE'S

THROAT & LUNG TROUBLES CONQUERED BY SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY

SWAYNE'S VERMIFUGE THE CHILDREN'S MEDICINE.

TO KEEP HEALTHY 1. EXERCISE DAILY 2. EAT GOOD FOOD 3. BE CHEERFUL 4. USE SWAYNE'S PILLS.

SWAYNE'S PANACEA PURIFIES SYPHILYTIC BLOOD.

LONDON HAIR RESTORER (ENGLISH) DR SWAYNE & SON SOLE AGENT.

OINTMENT THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES & SKIN HUMOR

SYMPTOMS Moisture, intense itching and stinging, most at night—worse by scratching—very distressing. If allowed to continue tumors form which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT Stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in many cases removes the tumors. Sent by mail for 50 cts.

DR. SWAYNE'S MEDICINES OLDEST IN U. S. PREPARED ONLY BY DR. SWAYNE & SON, PHILADELPHIA. SOLD BY Druggists.

M. N. P. Co., Chicago. Vol. II—No. 15

Why did the Women

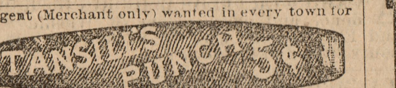
of this country use over *thirteen million* cakes of Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap in 1886?

Buy a cake of Lenox and you will soon understand why.

PENSIONS, Officer's pay, bounty procured; deserters relieved. 21 years' practice. Success or no fee. Write for circulars and new laws. A. W. McCormick & Son, Washington, D. C. & Cincinnati, O.

TELEPHONES —FOR— PRIVATE LINES Straight or Crooked. Call Bells, Ear-Phone, etc. Four Styles, Patents. Prices Low. Send for Illustrated Circular. E. E. Harbert & Co., 157 La Salle St., Chicago.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



We are selling four times as many "Tansill's Punch" against any other cigar and have only had them in the case a week. J. A. Tozier, Druggist, Brockport, N.Y.

Address R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago

LADY Agents coin money with my new Rubber Undergarment. Immense success. Mrs. H. F. Little, C., 345, Chicago, Ill.

LADY Agent make $3 per day selling Improved Ideal Hair Curler & Frizzer. Sample 50c. G. L. Thompson, 127 Quincy St., Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

PATENTS SOLICITED. TRADE MARKS REGISTERED, COPYRIGHTS PROTECTED, INFRINGEMENTS PROSECUTED. C. C. LINTHICUM, Patent Lawyer, Honore Building: 204 Dearborn-st. Reliable Washington Associates. CHICAGO.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. **CATARRH** Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FITS STOPPED FREE *Marvelous success.* Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

What Ails You?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indiscribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

BILIOUS ATTACK. David G. Lowe, Esq., of *St. Agathe, Manitoba, Canada*, says: "About one year ago, being troubled with a terrible bilious attack, fluttering of the heart, poor rest at night, etc., I commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and derived the very highest benefit therefrom."

MALARIAL FEVER. Mrs. Mollie E. Tailor, *Cannelton, Ind.*, writes: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I gave it to my little girl and it cured her of the malarial fever."

Dyspepsia.—Theresa A. Cass, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. Elizabeth J. Bushwaw, of *Sidney, Ohio*, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other diseases that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Pellets and they saved his life. We have also used the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can also recommend it very highly."

DYSPEPSIA AND DEBILITY. Mrs. Melissa Atwater, of *Steuben, Washington Co., Maine*, says: "I was afflicted with dyspepsia, nervous and general debility, for which I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' six bottles of each. That was some two years ago. It cured me so that I have not had a sick day since. I had been in very poor health for a number of years, and took much medicine from physicians, but received no benefit from them."

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE. Mrs. Mary A. McClure, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1884, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am, after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. Webber, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

SICK HEADACHE. A. B. Weaver, Esq., of *996 Bouck Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.*, writes: "Having used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in my family, I desire to testify to the great relief afforded by it in cases of sick headache. As a children's remedy, for coughs and colds, I have likewise found it all that could be desired, its employment having uniformly availed to promptly check any attacks of that kind."

Dyspepsia.—James L. Colby, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM.

GENERAL DEBILITY. Mrs. Parmelia Brundage, of *161 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.*, writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Chronic Diarrhea Cured.—D. Lazarre, Esq., *275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhea. My bowels are now regular."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. Mosley, *Montmorenci, S. C.*, writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood, are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Virulent blood-poisons are, by its use, robbed of their terrors. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands.

INDIGESTION, BOILS, BLOTCHES. Rev. F. Asbury Howell, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for bilious or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

Sore Eyes.—Mrs. Sarah A. Turner, of *Ogden City, Utah Territory*, says: "My eldest child was cured, nearly three years ago, of sore eyes, being at the time nearly blind, by your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and following the directions in your book."

A BAD ULCER. Isaac E. Downs, Esq., of *Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.*, writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discovery' has cured my daughter of a very bad ulcer. Three bottles healed it up perfectly."

Goitre, or Thick Neck.—Julia P. Beckwith, of *407 West Gray Street, Elmira, N. Y.*, writes: "After the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription,' together with your good advice, my neck has now become perfectly well."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE. Mrs. Ida M. Strong, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION. **Skin Disease.**—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. Eliza Ann Poole, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees, then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. Ayres, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

Fever Sores.—Alice H. Crawford, of *Sioux Rapids, Buena Vista Co., Iowa*, writes; "Six years ago I was cured of 'Fever Sores' by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

The nutritive properties of extract of malt and cod liver oil are trifling when compared with those possessed by the "Discovery."

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

LUNG DISEASE. Mrs. Ruth A. Sickles, of *Ocean Port, Monmouth County, New Jersey*, says: "We have used your 'Golden Medical Discovery' in our family for the last two years, and find nothing else to equal it. One of our children had the pneumonia, and one lung became consolidated, but by the use of the 'Discovery' she has entirely recovered, and is now in good health."

CONSUMPTION. Solomon Butts, of *North Clayton, Miami Co., Ohio*, writes: "I have not the words to express my gratitude for the good your 'Golden Medical Discovery' has done my wife. She was taken with the consumption, and after trying one doctor after another I finally gave up all hope of relief. Being very poor and having but one dollar in the world, I prayed to God that he might show me something; and then it seems as though something did tell me to get your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' My wife took it as directed, and as a result she is so she can work now."

GAINED 25 POUNDS. **Wasting Disease.**—Watson F. Clarke, Esq., of (Box 104), *Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Can.*, writes: "I would like to give you a slight testimonial for the benefits which I have received from your preparations during the past twelve months. When I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' I did so at the solicitation of J. A. Gormlie, druggist, of this place. He had sold me many other preparations, always recommending your 'Discovery,' which I did not take, owing to prejudice. However, I finally took his advice and your medicine, and have never been sorry for either, as I am to-day a healthy man, while one year ago I was not able to work and was a burden to myself. At that time I weighed 122 pounds, and to-day I weigh 147 pounds. Then I used to eat about one meal a day, and now can eat four or five if I dared to. After all these benefits, how can I refrain from adding my testimonial, unsolicited, to the thousands already in your possession."

Chest Disease.—E. B. Norman, Esq., of *Anon, Georgia*, says: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine for pain in the chest that I have ever known. I am sound and well, and I owe it all to the 'Discovery.'"

WORTH $1000 A BOTTLE. W. R. Davis, Esq., of *Bellville, Fla.*, writes: "I have taken your wonderful 'Golden Medical Discovery' and have been cured of the worst case of consumption. I am now sound and well, and have only spent three dollars, and I would not take three thousand dollars and be put back where I was. I am endeavoring to have all my neighbors keep your remedies in the house."

COUGH OF FIVE YEARS' STANDING. Mrs. N. W. Rice, of *Newfane, Vermont*, says: "I feel at liberty to acknowledge the benefit I received from two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' which cured a cough of five years' standing, and dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for a long time. I have also used Dr. Pierce's Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, in my family, with good effect."

Raised Blood.—L. H. Cox, Esq., of *Wales Centre, N. Y.*, writes: "I was troubled with pain in the chest, and raised quantities of blood, and was unable to do any work for several months, but after taking three bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and several vials of the 'Pellets,' I am now able to do considerable work, and gain very rapidly."

LUNG DISEASE. Mrs. Martha Owen, of *Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo.*, writes: "I was treated for several years by some of the best physicians for consumption without receiving any benefit. Soon after I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription all the symptoms of consumption vanished. I wish also to report the cure of one of my neighbors who was a great sufferer from womb disease, and was permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

ASTHMA CURED. Carrie S. Stowell, Postmistress at *Magnolia, Colorado*, writes: "I feel that I cannot say too much in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' for I have found that it is of golden worth. It has helped both my husband and myself. Two years ago Mr. Stowell was afflicted with what appeared to be asthma, and our altitude being so high, the difficulty in breathing attendant upon this distressing malady was greatly increased. But he began to improve at once after commencing the use of your 'Discovery,' and was entirely cured by this wonderful medicine. As for myself, I have used it for nervous and general debility, and for an affection of the kidneys and bladder, and I found that it was without a rival for these complaints. We are now never without your 'Discovery.'"

CONSUMPTION. Mrs. W. H. Nicklin, of *Marlborough, N. Y.*, says: "When I first began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pellets,' I was so weak I could not be on my feet but a few minutes at a time. They did me a great deal of good, and I take pleasure in expressing my gratitude to you for the excellent health I now enjoy. When I first wrote you I was said to be in the first stage of consumption."

Golden Medical Discovery is Sold by Druggists. **Price $1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $5.00.**

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4, 1887.

THE Free Press discovers with grief that "the democratic party is not a free trade party"—that "there is too much devotion to protection, among democrats and those styling themselves such."

GENERAL BOULANGER demonstrates his fitness to be a popular French idol, by challenging ex-President Ferry to fight a duel. M. Ferry demonstrates his superior fitness to be a ruler, by declining to fight.

DETROIT claims 239,265 population upon the basis of the new directory just now completed. That is only a gain of 106,000 since 1884, or almost 80 per cent. in three years. At that rate the city would have 430,000 people in 1890, 773,000 in 1893, and 1,391,000 in 1896. It is possible that those directory men are a little too ambitious.

IN a British magazine article warning England of the danger of American commercial supremacy, the writer speaks of the tariff as a policy at present hindering us from largely underselling England in the markets of the world, but, "When the United States adopt free trade," the writer declares, "or anything approaching it, *the price of labor in America will come down*, and the American people will then be able to compete with us in our own country." Of course it would come down.

WHO is the idiotic liar who spends his time in writing Munchausen yarns located in the South, we have no idea; but we have had our eye upon him for some time, and credit him with industry and versatility, at any rate. He has been at it for some years, and his inventions cover a wide range of subjects, all marvelous and frequently plunging recklessly into the supernatural. His weak point is his inability to tell a lie that any sensible person could believe. His last is of a meteoric ball artificially inscribed with written characters and pictured representations of animals unknown upon the earth—showing, of course, the work of intelligent inhabitants in other worlds.

IF any evidence were needed to convict the managers of the prohibition party of a determination to defeat and destroy all temperance effort and temperance legislation not of their own making, their attempt to organize a party in Iowa would furnish it. No state has a more sweeping and effective prohibitory law, not even Kansas. As in Kansas, it was secured by the republican party of the state, which has been barely able to maintain it, and would be wholly unable if a portion of the prohibition strength could be diverted into an independent party. Nobody can fail to see that, and the honest prohibitionists named as candidates on the prohibition ticket are refusing such use of their names and declaring that no occasion for such a party exists in Iowa.

GEORGIA is greatly excited over the subject of mixed schools for white and colored children, and the passage of the Glen bill forbidding such schools seems to be necessary to save the state from the most dreadful demoralization. The author of the bill declares that the two races commingling in school would each imbibe the worst ideas of the other; and miscegenation of ideas, he declares with great feeling, "may be as fatal as physical miscegenation, and the intellectual hybrid resulting from coëducation of the races be as much a monstrosity as the physical hybrid could be." Mr. Glen has struck a dangerous chord there, and is liable to suggest to the people of Georgia, if one might judge from the infinite variety of complexions in that state, that an "intellectual hybrid" might be an attractive product.

IN a recent number of Harper's Weekly, a cartoon presented a telling satire upon the expectations of the George-McGlynn followers. It represented the ex-priest in sacerdotal vestments seated upon the ground and comfortably lunching from the bounties which nature should provide without labor to the recipient. It was in a grass field, and the grass bore remarkable fruit—a roast joint of beef upon one stalk, mutton chops well broiled upon another, and a boiling coffee pot upon another with the steaming liquid pouring from the spout into a cup which conveniently grew upon one adjoining. Another bore a soothing dish of ice cream with a spoon neatly laid upon it; and, all together, it was a most happifying picture of that millennial day when the land shall be free to us all. Even the farmers, in these drought-y days might enjoy a thing like that.

FOR colossal impudence, the Saloonkeepers' Protective Association of Detroit not only takes the cake, but walks away with the entire bakery. At its usual Sunday business meeting recently, it resolved to petition the Board of Aldermen for permission to keep open from 1 to 10:30 p. m. on Sundays, with declaration that such aldermen as favored the request would receive the association's united support for reëlection, and those who did not would be knifed at the polls. They also resolved to petition the police authorities for the non-enforcement of the early-closing law, and in case of refusal to bring pressure upon the aldermen to withhold appropriations for the police department next spring, and so leave the city to the mercy of thugs and thieves. It will be interesting to observe how far Detroit officers will be willing to go in nullifying the laws of the state at the demand of the saloonkeepers. Some day, the question whether the saloons own the city or not will have to be determined.

AN interesting and somewhat important pension case has just been decided by the Commissioner—important because of the principle involved, if there were no others to be affected by the decision. William Hedgepeth was a private in the 42d Indiana regiment, and was captured and confined at Andersonville. After five months' torture in that horrible hell, he secured his liberation by accepting the terms offered by his inhuman guardians, and enlisted in the rebel service, declaring to his comrades that he would desert and join the Union army at the first opportunity. He did that after a short service, rejoined his old regiment and served until mustered out. Commissioner Black decides against his application for pension based on the sustained fact of disability incurred in the service, under the law forbidding pensions to persons who aided the rebellion. It might not be safe to allow the pension office discretion in such cases, but Congress surely ought to grant a pension upon such a state of facts.

IT is quite possible that the death of President Taylor of the Mormon church may have a more significant result in breaking the power of that iniquitous organization, than anything that has before occurred. It is announced that Joseph Smith, jr., son of the first "prophet," and president of the monogamous branch of the church in the states, will go to Salt Lake and urge his claim to the vacant headship of the church in Utah. Should that occur, a radical division among the "saints" would likely result. Smith would have at his back a large number of Mormon churches in the western states, who with himself are utterly opposed to polygamy, and it is not unlikely that a strong party in Utah could be developed upon that issue under Mormon leadership, however unanimous they may appear against reforms proposed by the hated gentiles. If Smith shall assert his claim, it would likely split the church in two, and might afford an easier and speedier solution of the Mormon problem than has been looked for.

For Sale.

A nice two-story frame residence, situated one hundred and fifty-feet from the High School, on Washington street. Worth $2,500, will sell for $1,800, half down, balance on time. Address Box 809. 395-97

Give them A Chance.

That is to say, your lungs Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain. a

IMPORTANT.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage Carriage Hire and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, oppsite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms up at a cost price of one million dollars, reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city. 381-432

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Medicated Arm Shield

will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.

Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.

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I trust my old customers will give me a call, and I shall be happy to see as many new ones as may be pleased to call. tf

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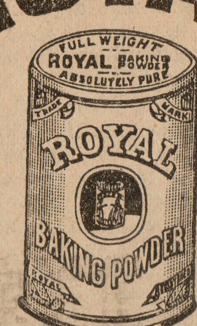

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The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and,

By Taking

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—Kendal T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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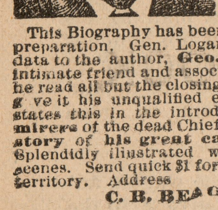

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE AUTHORIZED LIFE OF LOGAN

with introduction by **MRS. LOGAN.**

This Biography has been more that two years in preparation. Gen. Logan himself furnished the data to the author, **Geo. Francis Dawson**, his intimate friend and associate; and before his death he read all but the closing chapters of the work and gave it his unqualified endorsement. Mrs. Logan states this in the introduction. **A million admirers of the dead Chieftain want this thrilling story of his great career** in peace and war. Splendidly illustrated with portraits and battle scenes. Send quick $1 for outfit and get choice of territory. Address

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The Ypsilantian.

RUSSIAN LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

A Project on Foot—The Hereditary Nobility—A Curious Contrast.

There is a project on foot in governmental circles in Russia for the reorganization of local administration, the central principle of which has been rumored to be to base it on the principle of rendering the members of the class of hereditary landed nobility alone eligible for election to the provincial assemblies. The facts disclosed in an essay on the subjects by Mr. Stcheglovitow go to disprove the practicability of this plan, which could only be advisable, or even possible, if there existed a class of noble landed proprietors soundly constituted and more or less proportionally distributed throughout the empire. This is not so. In the north and extreme east of Russia there may be said to be no such class at all. The large province of Archangel contains but four individuals who may be so considered.

Of the 115,000 titled land owners in the whole country nearly one-half are concentrated in nine governments of Little Russia, White Russia and Lithuania, and even there the distribution is very unequal; Poltava registers 10,157, while Kharkov contains only 3,412. In the Baltic provinces the aristocratic element is insignificant. In the Ukraine more than half the so called nobility might be more properly designated yeomen, their freeholds being less than 250 acres. In the south and southeast the great territorial magnates predominate, from 40 to 80 per cent. of the estates consisting of more than 12,000 acres, but even here they are being pushed from their pride of place and social supremacy by new men from the ranks of commerce.

The numbers of the hereditary nobility are sensibly on the decline. In twelve years they have fallen off 18 per cent. The diminution of their revenues dates further back and is in a greater ratio. The absentee habits of the great nobility and the want of instruction of the smaller, who do not reside upon their lands, render them unfit to be the exclusive occupiers of the new government posts, in the opinion of the writer above mentioned. He thinks that there should be both a land property qualification and an educational test required in the case of every aspirant to office. From another source it would appear that the aristocratic members of the existing zemstvos are in a large majority, even in the towns, and that they require no special privileges to be conferred upon them by law to enable them to maintain their ascendency as local leaders.

But a very curious contrast is presented by the conduct of these gentlemen in the assemblies of the nobles and in the zemstvos, for many of them are members of both. In the former they seldom bring forward questions of general interest, although they have a right to do so, and are mainly engaged in asserting their class prerogatives, while in the latter they put themselves at the head of the popular and progressive movement, which is alien, if anything, to their class interests. In this way they show themselves at the same time egotistic and generous, defenders of their personal interests to the detriment of general interests and champions of the latter to the detriment of their own.—London Times.

Poor Old Marshal Bazaine.

Speaking of the recent attempt to kill him, poor old Bazaine said to a London Telegraph correspondent that he had come to resign himself during the past years to his painful fate, which doomed him to be an obligatory and enforced victim, a sort of consolatory holocaust, for a defeat that was inevitable. He once more insisted that had Marshal McMahon helped him in time things would have taken a different turn, and he took credit to himself for having avoided a bombardment which would have caused the destruction of thousands of men. Unfortunately his countrymen were fickle. Asked his opinion as to Gen. Boulanger and the present situation, the ex-marshal said that if the chief of the French army were of a merit which corresponded with the popularity to which he has attained he might succeed in doing something, but one man was not enough. The war might take place, and the French, in his opinion, were ready so far as effective fighting strength went, but it remained to be seen whether they had changed in temperament or not.—New York Tribune.

What Girton Girls Do.

Girton is a great school for girls in England. The amusements there take the form of "rages," just as they do outside. One girl student tells the following: One winter we all suffered from a mania for blowing soap bubbles, and how to procure the indispensable long clay pipes without giving rise to scandal became the problem of the day. One student used to be the observed of all observers as in the half hour after dinner, when "the tables were drawn, it was idlesse all," she would waft with skillful breath a large bubble from the foot of the main staircase to the first floor and back again in safety. Most people's bubbles collapsed ignominiously at the third or fourth stair. A doll show was the next pastime; after a week or two of preparation a number of daintily dressed wax beauties and a few Dutch maids of all work were duly exhibited, and then sent off for the children's ward of a large hospital.—Philadelphia Times.

Old English Weddings.

An English wedding in the time of good Queen Bess was a joyous public festival. Among the higher ranks the bridegroom presented the company with scarfs, gloves, and garters of the favorite colors of the wedding pair; and the ceremony wound up with banquetings, masques, pageants, and epithalamiums. A gay procession formed a part of the humbler marriages. The bride was led to church between two boys, wearing bride laces and rosemary tied about their silken sleeves, and before her was carried a silver cup filled with wine, in which was a large branch of gilded rosemary, hung about with silken ribbons of all colors. Next came the musicians, and then the bridesmaids, some bearing great bride cakes, others garlands of gilded wheat. Thus they marched to church amidst the shouts and benedictions of the spectators.—All the Year Round.

Punch, a drink, is Persian, and means five, referring to the five ingredients used in making this beverage—tea, sugar, lemon juice, spice and spirits.

A gentleman who has been in the land from whence the white elephants are supposed to come says that in 1,400 years only twenty-two animals deserving this distinction have been captured. The first white elephant ever seen outside of its native land was exhibited 250 years ago in Holland.—Chicago Herald.

A statistician who has investigated the subject says that 200,000 pounds of butter are used in New York city every day.

Breech Loading Small Arms.

All breech loading small arms have either a fixed chamber or a movable chamber. All of this latter class are deemed obsolete; they embrace the following named rifles: The Burnside, the Hall, the Sleeper, the Worrell. All fixed chambered small arms have either a movable barrel or a movable breech block. Those having a movable barrel either slide or rotate. They are Gardner's repeater, the Gallagher, the Prussian needle carbine, the Maynard, the Wohlgemuth and all old pattern revolvers like Colt's, the Scott and the Helm. The second classification of fixed chambered breech loading small arms—that is those having a movable breech block—is very much more numerous. Some are closed by sliding; one, the Ballard, by sliding and rotating; the rest by rotating about an axis. Three sorts are thus indicated.

The first sort includes the following, all of which have concealed locks: The Prussian needle gun, Dreyse's improved needle gun, Chassepot, Ward-Burton, Mauser, Vetterlin, Greene, Milbank and the Lee. The Van Choate, Joslyn-Tomes and Merrill are also bolt guns, but have outside locks. Then come those moved by levers: The Morse, Merrill, Barnekov-Greene, Winchester, Stetson, Burgess, Beals and Rumsey. The slide of the Sharp's rifle is vertical. The next sort of rifles includes those whose breech blocks rotate about an axis either parallel to the axis of the barrel or at 90 degs. to the axis of the barrel. These are the Werndl, Snyder, Warner, Snell, Joslyn, Earnest, Freeman, Milbank, Broughton. Also the Springfield, Berdan-Russian, Morganstern, Roberts, Elliot, Werder, Smoot, Peabody, Martini, Conroy, Westley-Richards, Beal, Allen-Murdock, Morse, Symmes, Remington, Remington-Locking, Thomas, Remington-Ryder, Whitney, Dexter, Whittemore, Updegraff, Muir-Mont-Storm, Spencer, Robertson, Starr, Evans, Kirk and G. R. Remington—Chicago Tribune.

Learning to Fly.

In flying, as in bicycle riding, the points of greatest difficulty are the starting and the stopping. Professor Hyatt describes in an interesting manner the first lesson of a tame kittiwake gull. After a long probation in trying his wings, at last several times in calm weather he flew as high as the after rail, about a foot, and lighted upon it, but made no effort to go overboard. Finally, on a calm day, he was placed in the water, but he showed great terror, swimming close to the boat, and was soon taken in again.

He did not seem to become accustomed to the water until he had reached Annisquam and had acquired considerable powers of flight, evidently preferring his bath in a bucket. He appeared to be terrified also when first bathed in a bucket, but when placed in a basin, where he could stand with his feet on the bottom, took much pleasure in bathing.

After he became more accustomed to the water, the bucket was again brought into use, and then it was successful. The wide expanse of the sea or the absence of a foothold seemed to fill him with terror.

He made no efforts toward prolonged flight until one day, after our return to Annisquam, I took him to the door and threw him gently from an elevation of about ten feet. Instead of flying slowly to the ground, as I had anticipated, the bird sailed off a hundred feet at least, turned, flew back over the house and through the trees, avoiding obstacles and soaring with perfect ease and very swift motion round and round the area of the house.

Very soon, however, he began to approach close to me and scream as if in distress. It was evident that he was tired and wished to alight, but did not know how to stop.

Finally, by suddenly throwing up my arms as he came toward me, I succeeded in arresting him; and he literally tumbled against me and fell on the ground. His excitement was very great, and would have started again of his own accord, if I had not held and quieted him. He was wild with delight.

I started him again when rested, and precisely the same scene was re-enacted; and he did not learn to alight by himself until after several flights.

The Secret of True Happiness.

True happiness, my son, consists in finding that you have paid $3 for an article exactly like that for which your friend had to pay $3.25 the day before.—Boston Transcript.

The Homeliest Man in Ypsilanti as well as the handsomest and others call at our store and get free, a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for Troat and Lungs. It cures acute and chronic coughs. Price 50 cents and $1 00. Sold by Frank Smith, Druggist. 1

"I tried everything, without relief, but Kemp's Pile Suppositories cured me." So writes A. G. Rose, New London, Conn. Price 50 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith. 1

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COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.—STATE OF Michigan, County of Washtenaw. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Lambert A. Barnes, late of said County deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for Creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Thomas Ninde in the city of Ypsilanti, in said County, on Tuesday, the first day of November, and on Wednesday, the first day of February next, at ten o'clock A. M. of each of said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, Aug. 1, 1887.

CHARLES W. MCCORKLE,
EDGAR REXFORD,
Commissioners.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the county of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the 30th day of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Bernard Peyton, deceased. Annie R. Peyton, the administrator with the will annexed of said estate, comes into court and represents that she is now prepared to render her final account as such Administrator. Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the 30th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for examining and allowing such account, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the city of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the said account should not be allowed. And it is further ordered, that said Administrator give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said account, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE YPSILANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
[A true copy.] Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register. 39699

MORTGAGE SALE.—DEFAULT HAVING been made in the conditions of a mortgage executed by Charles H. Niles to Benjamin F. Harris, dated December 15th, 1883, recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county, Michigan, October 9, 1884, in liber 67 of mortgages, on page 4, which mortgage was duly assigned to Charles W. Alban and said assignment recorded in said Register's office, June 3, 1887, in liber 9 of assignments of Mortgages, on page 283, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, for principal, interest and attorney's fee, as provided for in said mortgage, one hundred and eighty-six dollars. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on the 16th day of September, next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at the southerly front door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, to satisfy the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage and all legal costs, to wit: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Augusta, county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, and described as follows, viz: Lot number sixteen, according to the recorded plat of the village of Willis.

Dated, June 22, 1887.

CHARLES W. ALBAN,
Assignee of said mortgage.
D. C. GRIFFEN, Atty for Assignee. 390402

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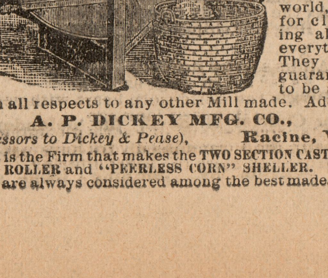

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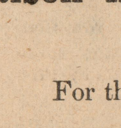

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, . MICH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

THE man who speculates on the sly is quite as liable to get thrown as the neophyte who attempts to lie gracefully in a barrel hammock.

A CALL has been issued by John W. Briendenshal, chairman of the Union Labor Party of Kansas, for a mass convention at Topeka Aug. 9.

THE peach trees around Fennville, Mich., are so laden with fruit that it has become necessary to thin them. One man estimates that his crop will be 20,000 baskets.

THE target-practice of the new steel cruiser Atlanta resulted in the serious damage of that vessel by the recoil of the guns. The target is uninjured, however, and that is something.

FOR the week ending Wednesday, 22d, the lake shipments of iron ore from the mine of Lake Superior aggregated 187,214 gross tons, this being the largest amount yet forwarded by water in a single week.

CALIFORNIA contains the two largest wine vineyards in the world—Senator Stanford's vineyard at Vina, Tehama county, of 3,500 acres, and the Nadean vineyard of Florence, Los Angeles county, of 2,500 acres.

SAM JONES, the Georgia revivalist, is now laboring at the Lakeside (Ohio) camp-meeting. He has engagements at Cincinnati, Chautauqua, and Round Lake, N. Y. He will be at the last-named place from Aug. 13 to 23.

THE Los Angeles Herald says: "The new orange crop is rather light this year, so that orange growers will be able to secure full rates for their crops. Orange growing is never likely to be over-done in southern California."

THE National Woman's Suffrage Association is circulating slips in Ohio for the autographs of women ready to exercise the elective franchise and men who believe in them doing so. They claim Ohio is ripe for more aggressive work.

DAKOTA has in round numbers a population of 600,000. There are now in the Sioux Falls penitentiary about eighty-five persons, in the Bismarck prison from fifty to sixty; in all, say 140, or one criminal to more than 4,000 inhabitants.

THE family of John Bush of Peoria, consisting of himself, wife and child, were taken violently ill after partaking of chicken at dinner. They raise their own chickens, but cholera had been in the flock, and they still ate one of the diseased birds.

MINNESOTA is credited on the rolls of the war department with having furnished during the war 24,020 men. The records of the pension office show that there are on the pension rolls 6,307 residents of the state. The pensioners receive each month $58,782.21.

THERE is a law in Washington Territory compelling the teachers of public schools to teach physiology and hygiene, and if they do not teach the same they cannot draw school money; also, if the pupils will not study those branches they can be expelled from the school.

SEVERAL hundred clusters of grapes were bagged by a Vineland fruit-grower about a week previous to blooming, as an experiment to ascertain whether the fruit would properly set and develope. The success of the method has been demonstated, as the clusters thus treated are in fine condition, free from the rot that is prevailing, and have escaped the rose-bug plague.

GEORGE C. GORHAM, the ex-Secretary of the Senate, has a plan for checking immigration to the United States. He thinks that the off-scourings of foreign countries have come to America because of the lax way in which the naturalization laws have been enforced. If the tests of good moral character and attachment to the Constitution were looked upon by the courts as meaning something Mr. Gorham thinks it would not be easy for an undesirable person to get two reputable witnesses to testify to his fitness.

JUDGE SLOAN, of Golconda, Ill., was cutting weeds near his house the other evening and cut off the head of a big rattlesnake. The same blow threw the snake into the air and it fell upon the judge's neck, about which it coiled with a convulsive grasp, at the same time keeping up its ominous rattle. A colored man pulled the body off the frightened judge and assisted him to the house, where it was some time before he could convince himself that the blood which was smeared on his face from the body of the snake was not the result of a wound.

THE ladies of the Methodist Episcopal church at North Branch, Mich., recently hit upon a unique way to raise funds for church purposes. They made a silk quilt, a number of ladies donating a block each. They then selected four girls, aged from 12 to 15 years to canvass the town for votes at 10 cents each, the one receiving the most votes to be awarded the quilt. The young ladies did their electioneering quietly but energetically. The canvass was to last thirty days, and each girl carried a sealed box in which the votes and money were deposited. The result was that the canvass became a lively one in which older heads took a hand. The ladies thought if they could raise $35 on the quilt they would be well repaid for their trouble. They were much surprised when the count was had to see the following amounts turned out of the little boxes: Miss Grace McDougall, $44.42; Miss Edith Lippincott, $42.80; Miss Jennie Hart, $16.48; Miss Mabel Butler, $74.85; total, $178.55. The three unsuccessful competitors were each presented with a beautiful gold ring with a diamond setting.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

A hide store and livery-stable at Fort Wayne, Ind., were destroyed by fire, with a loss of $32,000.

The hay and feed warehouse of H. E. Emmon, and adjacent building occupied by Ashley and Mitchell, Detroit, Mich., was destroyed by fire. Loss $50,000.

Fire destroyed the sash and blind factory of J. T. Webber & Co., Detroit, Mich., causing a loss of $20,000; insurance $6,000.

At Chicago a fire destroyed Armour's new slaughter-house, his oleomargarine factory, and his gas-house, involving a total loss of about $500,000.

Fire in the "Big Boston" building at Minneapolis, Minn., Tuesday night burned out W. E. Steele & Co., extensive clothiers; the Franklin Bazar, and other firms. The loss is placed as high as $750.000.

The house in which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was destroyed by fire at Andover, Mass., Tuesday night. Loss, $30,000; partly insured.

CASUALTIES.

James Martin, a painter, fell from the Brooklyn Bridge 130 feet into the water. The fireman of a passing tug jumped in and rescued him. Martin sustained no serious injury.

The woods around the village of Willow Springs, Ill., are burning, and a large quantity of hay has been consumed. The farmers are fighting the flames.

Two persons supposed to be a Mr. and Miss Rollins, of Chicago, were drowned in Cedar Lake, Ind.

During a heavy thunder storm one of the tanks of the Atlantic oil refinery at Point Breeze, Pa, was struck by lightning. The amount of oil consumed is variously estimated at from seven to fifteen hundred barrels.

The overflow from the floods in the Savannah River has destroyed the cotton and corn crops in the Savannah Valley. Railroad property has been much injured. Part of Augusta has been submerged.

An express train dashed into a freight train at West Newton, Pa., killing a fireman and fatally wounding an engineer. A number of passengers were more or less injured.

William Parrott and Addison Porter rode into the Des Moines River at Des Moines. Their horses became entangled by sunken stumps and threw their riders. Parrott was drowned, but Porter swam ashore.

Half the buildings in David City, Neb., including two churches, were leveled by a tornado. One man was killed. The financial loss is placed at $200,000.

Twelve persons lost their lives by the collision on the Alton road, near Hopedale, Ill., and thirty others were wounded. The track was blocked nine hours.

A Montgomery, Ala., special says that Gov. Seay was the victim of a peculiar accident yesterday afternoon. He and his private secretary, J. K. Jackson, were driving down the main thoroughfare of the city, when one of the guy wires which support the overhead cable of the electric street railway broke and fell to the ground, striking the governor's horse. The wire was heavily charged with electricity and the horse, becoming entangled, was shocked and burned to death in a few minutes. Had it fallen a second later the wire would have struck the governor and Mr. Jackson instead of the horse. The accident has created great uneasiness about the safety of the electric-car system.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

McGarigle has again disappeared. Nothing has been seen of him at Sarnia since Sunday night. It is stated that he has gone to Strathroy to visit a friend, who is in business there.

Fletcher Franklin, a member of the old Jesse James gang, while being pursued by a sheriff's posse, near Craig, Mo., shot and killed Anthony Delong and Gideon Bostwict. Franklin, his brother Con, and Harrison Stone had escaped from officers, having been arrested for horse-stealing.

In Jersey City, N. J., Joseph Schlimmer, aged 18, shot his wife Lillie, 16 years of age. It had been agreed that the couple should not live together for two years, but the murderer had endeavored to persuade his girl-wife to leave her parents' home. Failing in this, he met her in the street with her mother and grandmother, shot her dead, and fled.

Emma Herman has been arrested for murder of her illegitimate child at Janesville, Wisconsin. The child was stabbed several times, and afterward its brains were knocked out on the edge of a barrel.

Dr. St. John, who is charged with complicity in the escape of Ex-Warden McGarigle, the Chicago boodler, has been arrested and held under $20,000 bail to answer to the charge.

The body of Kosie Lhopka, a girl 14 years of age, was found under the approach to a bridge in Chicago. Her clothing was disarranged and torn indicating a desperate struggle in which she had been outraged and murdered.

A christening, in the family of William Mullen, at 642 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, broke up in a row in which one man was killed, a woman fatally stabbed and several injured.

Judge Shepard overruled the motion for a new trial in the cases of Edward S. McDonald and W. J. McGarigle, the Chicago boodlers. McDonald was sentenced to a term of three years in the penitentiary.

Two men were assassinated, Friday night, while camping in the Choctaw nation, Indian Territory, by a band of desperadoes. It is supposed they took their victims for United States officers.

Jerome M. Hill, a Wall street speculator, is a defaulter for $300,000. He stole that amount in bonds from an estate of which he was one of the executors, and lost the money in speculation.

The event of the week in the Chicago boodler trial, was the entering of a plea of guilty by George C. Klehm, the chairman of the County Board, just as the State's Attorney was ready to close the case for the State.

NEAR Richmond, Ind., Joseph Rich, a farmer, attempted to cross the Panhandle, track, after the bell rang. In the wagon were his wife, baby, and mother-in-law, all of whom were instantly killed except Mrs. Rich.

The ex-Superintendent of the Boston and Worcester Road, Waldo G. Gates, was arrested at New York, charged with swindling by means of forged checks.

McGarigle, the missing boodler, is believed to have escaped to Canada. The schooner Blake on which it is thought he sailed is said to have passed the straits and eluded the vigilance of the officers.

On a farm near Falmouth, Ky., John Neave deliberately shot and killed his father, who visited the farm to get his share of the crop of wheat. Lynching is threatened.

INDUSTRIAL.

It is announced that the steam-fitters of Pittsburg and Allegheny City will withdraw from the Knights of Labor.

The Michigan weather service weekly crop bulletin reports corn, potatoes, and peaches as suffering very much from the long drought. Pastures are burning up.

A strike has been ordered in the three largest rolling mills at Youngstown, Ohio. Several employes had been holding two positions, and the Amalgamated Association protested with the above result.

Eighty members of the Pinkerton force who have been on duty in the coke regions have been withdrawn.

The refusal of General Master Workman Powderly to grant a charter to the Iron-workers' National District Assembly was severely criticised at a meeting of the executive board of the new National district at Pittsburg. The iron workers threatened to withdraw and organize on their own account.

WASHINGTON.

Monday at Washington, Surgeon General Hamilton, assisted by Manning Logan and Major Tucker, reset Mrs. John A. Logan's fractured shoulder blade and elbow, the surgeon having made the discovery that the parts had begun to knit in the wrong places. The operation was entirely successful, and Mrs. Logan, though suffering intense pain, is reported to be resting quietly without suffering any ill effects from the ether she inhaled.

The Interior Department has information that the law of Feb. 25, 1885, to prevent the maintenance of illegal fences on public lands has been generally complied with throughout the west, especially in Arizona and New Mexico.

A Washington dispatch says the President will visit Chicago, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Atlanta, and possibly New Orleans, during his approaching tour.

The internal revenue collections for the fiscal year just ended were $118,835,757, an increase of $1,932,888 over the preceding fiscal year.

The Board appointed by Secretary Whitney to inspect the Atlanta, report that with her present armament she is unfit for duty as a war vessel. Her guns are poorly constructed and dangerous.

POLITICAL.

The State league of Republican clubs met last Friday at Toledo, Ohio. The Hon. Daniel Ryan, of Scioto, was re-elected President, and delegates were chosen to attend the meeting of the National league.

The national prohibition committee has been called to meet in Chicago November 16 to fix the time and place for holding the presidential convention of the party in 1888.

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Republican State Central Committee at Boston, it was voted to hold the State convention in that city September 28.

Elihu E. Jackson was nominated for Governor by the Democrats of Maryland. Resolutions were adopted indorsing the administration of President Cleveland.

A Prohibition ticket for city and county officers was nominated Tuesday night at New York.

SPORTING NOTES.

League ball games Monday resulted: Chicago, 13; Washington, 0.—Pittsburg, 3; New York, 0;—Philadelphia, 7; Detroit, 2.—Boston, 10: Indianapolis, 7.

The standing of the League Sunday, July 31, was as follows:

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Percentage.
Detroit	71	45	26	.633
Chicago	70	42	28	.600
Boston	70	40	30	.571
New York	74	41	33	.554
Philadelphia	73	37	36	.506
Washington	66	28	38	.424
Pittsburg	66	28	42	.400
Indianapolis	72	22	50	.305

IN a special trotting race for $5,000, at Cleveland, Patron defeated Harry Wilkes straight heats in 2:16½, 2:16½, and 214¼. The free-for-all trot was won by Arab, J. Q. second, and Charlie Hilton third. Best time, 2:16½. Johnston won the free-for-all pacing event in straights, making the best time (2:11¾) in the third heat. Mike Wilkes took second money, and Toledo Girl third, while Little Mack was distanced in the first heat.

GARNET won a race at Brighton Beach, and paid his backers $270 straight and $82.25 for a place.

Jacob Schaefer, the billiardist, who is now at Paris, has made a match with Vignaux, $1,000 a side, for a balk-line contest of 3,600 points—600 points each night.

The best battery of the Allentown (Pa.) club—Beatin and Kinslow—have been sold to the Detroit management for $1,000.

Bubear, the English oarsman, has written a letter charging Hanlan with crookedness. He alleges that when Hanlan was beaten by Teemer he for spite gave Teemer's letters to the public, and that Hanlan went into that race thinking it had been arranged for him to win it.

Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain have signed articles of agreement to fight in Spain on the 3d of January next.

GENERAL.

Within forty-five minutes over two inches of rain fell at Wheeling, W. Va. Many cellars and first floors were flooded.

Butter sold briskly at 27 to 27½ cents Monday at Elgin, Ill., an advance of over 5 cents within a week. Owing to the continuance of the drought the milk supply is very short.

The new Minnesota and Northwestern Railroad has been formally opened. A party of gentlemen from St. Paul and Minneapolis visited Chicago on the first train through.

Lawyer Charles H. Reed, the defender of Guiteau, who is alleged to have attempted suicide by jumping from a Pennsylvania railroad ferry boat, still lies in Bellevue hospital, and the doctrors say that his constitution is so far undermined by high living that serious doubts of his recovery must be entertained. He is also suffering from melancholia.

The charge is made by Southern newspapers that the Department of Agriculture has overestimated the acreage of the tobacco crop, and it is asserted that this will reduce prices to an enormous extent.

The discovery of gold deposits near the boundary lines of Alaska and British Columbia will, it is announced from Washington, make the dispute over the location of these lines a matter of great interest at the next session of Congress. Americans are now working mines on territory claimed by the English Government.

The weekly signal-service bulletin says that the weather during the past week has been unfavorable to the crops in many sections. From Alabama eastward cotton is suffering from the drought. Dry and hot weather in the corn belt has affected this crop unfavorably. In the northwest the weather has been favorable, and harvesting is in progress as far north as the forty-seventh parallel.

A very heavy windstorm swept over the vicinity of Mason City, Iowa. Several buildings were unroofed and barns and dwellings blown down.

At a meeting at Boston of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe directors, it was voted to make a new issue of $10,000,000 of stock.

The International Association of Fairs and Expositions, which met at Toronto, favored the holding of a world's fair in 1892, and pointed out Chicago as the most suitable place.

Oil was struck Thursday at Walton, Ind., a small village ten miles south of Logansport.

Insurance men are troubled over the number of disastrous fires that have occurred in the past six months. It is believed that the teaching of Johann Most, the Anarchist, and his followers have led to many of the conflagrations, and Most's book on eynamite and phosphorous as incendiary agents have been referred to the police committee at New York. Fire underwriters are discussing various remedies for averting those heavy loses which are said to be draining the resources of the companies.

At Peoria Thursday, the thermometer reached 102 degrees, causing four prostrations from heat, one of which proved fatal.

A strong flow of natural gas has been struck at a depth of sixteen hundred feet near La Salle, Ill.

"Charley" Reed, the ex-prosecuting attorney of Chicago, who defended Guiteau, was driven from a Jersey City hotel, where he boarded. The head waiter charged Reed with attempting to rob the money drawer.

An assignment has been made by the Riverside Iron and Steel Company of Cincinnati. The liabilities are about $200,000, with assets of but $50,000. E. L. Harper & Co.'s assignee claims the property is part of Harper's assets.

The devastation by the recent flood in the Great Barrington (Mass.) region has been so complete that it is believed that it will take years to restore the land to its former fertility.

The remains of Alexander McKinnon, the well-known first baseman of the Pittsburg leaugue club, were interred Tuesday at Lowell, Mass. The floral offerings completely covered the grave.

FOREIGN.

General Boulanger has sent his seconds with a challenge to ex-Premier Ferry to fight a duel. The latter's friends avow that he will not accept the challenge.

The Methodist Conference, now in session in London, has appointed Rev. Charles Kelly as delegate to the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

The fire at Balochna, Russia, has been extinguished after raging seven days and consuming one million poods naphtha.

General Boulanger is said to have asked permission of his superiors to challenge M. Ferry to fight a duel on account of the latter's recent speech at Epinal.

Turkey has decided to reopen negotiations with England direct for the settlement of the Egyptian question.

The Central and South American Telegraph Company has been granted authority to build and operate a line across the Isthmus of Panama and to extend its cables along the Atlantic coast of South America.

An Irish constable, who resigned out of disgust with the coercion act, has been made the subject of an enthusiastic popular demonstration at Dublin. Other constables have resigned for the same reason.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.			
BEEVES—Extra	$ 4.30	@	4.50
Choice to Fancy	3.85	@	4.25
Fair to Good	3.50	@	4.10
Poor to Medium	3.15	@	3.50
Native Grassers	2.85	@	3.50
Fancy Cows and Heiffers	2.60	@	3.15
Fair Cows	1.75	@	2.50
MILCH COWS—per head	20.00	@	40.00
HOGS—Range	5.10	@	5.40
SHEEP—Range	2.50	@	4.35
WHEAT—No. 2 Winter	.71	@	74½
No. 2 Spring	.69½	@	69¾
CORN—No. 2	.37	@	38½
OATS—No. 2	.25	@	30
POTATOES—Per bushel	.70	@	1.00
POULTRY—Chickens, per lb	9	@	15
Ducks, "	.07	@	.09
Turkeys "	6	@	8
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.20	@	.21
Fine Dairy	.15	@	.16
Low Grades	.10	@	.14
CHEESE—Full Cream	.08½	@	.09
Off Grades	.04	@	.05
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	.11	@	.12
NEW YORK.			
BEEVES—Best Native Steers	3.75	@	4.75
SHEEP—Range	4.00	@	5.50
HOGS	5.65	@	5.95
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.81	@	.81¼
CORN—No. 2	.45	@	.46
OATS—No. 2, White	.39	@	.39½
ST. LOUIS.			
BEEVES—Choice Natives	3.85	@	4.30
HOGS	5.30	@	5.40
SHEEP	3.15	@	4.10
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.71⅜	@	.72
CORN—No. 2	.33⅝	@	.33¾
OATS	.24	@	.24½
MILWAUKEE.			
WHEAT—No. Red	.71	@	.71¼
CORN	.37	@	.40
OATS	.30	@	.33¼
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.74	@	.74¼
CORN—No. 2	.38	@	.40
OATS	.29	@	.30
DETROIT.			
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.74	@	.74⅜
CORN	.40	@	.43
OATS	.29	@	.30
INDIANAPOLIS.			
BEEVES	3.50	@	4.30
HOGS	5.25	@	5.40
SHEEP	2.00	@	3.80
WHEAT	.70	@	.70½
CORN	.38	@	.39
OATS	.25	@	.28
BUFFALO.			
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.79	@	.84
No. 2, White	.80	@	.85
CORN	.42	@	.42½
OATS	.29	@	.30

A REIGN OF TERROR.

The Brown County, Ky., Feud Causes a Total Suspension of Business.

Gov. Knott Refuses to Send Troops to Moorehead to Preserve the Peace But Changes His Mind.

A Lexington Special says:—Col. John B. Castleman and Adjutant Roger Williams returned from Moorehead, where they had been sent by Gov. Knott to inquire into the propriety of sending troops there to attend on the sessions of the Circuit Court, which is set to convene there next Monday. Troops have been asked for by Judge Cole, Sheriff Hogg, and others. The Sheriff is in Mount Sterling, and declares that he will not go to Moorehead to attend court unless troops are sent to maintain the peace. The Governor's commissioners, after examining the situation carefully, decided to report adversely to sending troops to Moorehead. The town is a dead town. Every business house is closed and the doors nailed up, with the exception of one small grocery and a saloon, the latter being carried on by the widow of Craig Tolliver. The Rainy Hotel is also open. With these exceptions no business whatever is carried on in Moorehead. The town is patrolled day and night by forty members of the Law and Order Society, and these men are armed with Winchester rifles and are the only persons to be seen moving around. They are constantly on the alert for an attack from the Tolliver gang, and rumors of the close proximity of the gang to the town are heard every day. All members of the Law and Order Society object to the presence of troops, and people who are known to have been on the other side are vehement in their request for military aid. The former express their ability to protect citizens and aid the court in the full execution of the law. It is the general feeling that as soon as the patrol is removed, or if it should become careless so as to afford an opportunity, the Tolliverites will sweep down on the town and avenge the death of their chief and his kinsmen. It is known that an organization for that purpose is in easy reach of Moorehead, and the chances are that more bloodshed will follow the slightest opportunity for an attack. The presence of troops might temporarily avert this, but the only true solution of the bloody feud is to let the citizens of Rowan county settle it among themselves. Later dispatches say that it has been decided to send two companies of State guards and a gatling-gun to protect the court and unhold the law.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

The Wrong Man Hanged for the Murder of D'Arcy McGee.

A sensational story comes from Ottawa, Ont., based upon apparently good authority, to the effect that the actual murderer of D'Arcy McGee escaped the penalty of the law, while Whalen, an innocent man, was made the victim of circumstantial evidence which cost him his life on the gallows. When James Whalen was executed for the murder of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, grave doubts were entertained as to his being the actual murderer. The victim of the cord denied the accusation to the last, and died an ignominious death, protesting his innocence. It was learned subsequently that a son of Mrs. Trotter, where McGee lived, and who has since died in the States, declared before death that Whalen was not the murderer. Young Trotter was at the time of the murder in the commons of Canada, and they left the house about the same time Trotter was on the ground shortly after the shot was fired. The story told by a lawyer and rapidly-rising politician yesterday morning confirms his story. He states that he was 11 years of age and at Ottawa college. He had skipped out for the night to hear the expected debate in the house, and on his way home saw two men in front of Trotter's house, and one of them was a well-known criminal lawyer of Quebec, and the other, Whalen, had a pistol in his hand, but funked with it when McGee came to the door. His comrade took the pistol and fired the shot which ended McGee's life, shoved it back into Whalen's hand, got into a rig close by, and drove rapidly away. Some startling developments are expected in connection with the matter.

OHIO REPUBLICANS.

Governor Foraker Re-nominated by Acclamation.

Senator Sherman Unanimously Indorsed as a Presidential Candidate.

The Ohio State Republican Convention met last week at Toledo. The platform favors the protective tariff, demands duties on wool, advocates liberal pensions, and denounces the President's vetoes. It commends Governor Foraker's administration, and heartily applauds his determination not to surrender the rebel flags. It demands a free ballot and a fair, and asks for a restrictive immigration laws that will keep out contract labor, paupers, anarchists, communists, and the vicious and criminal classes. Lastly, it indorses Senator Sherman, and presents his name to the people of the country as a candidate for the Presidency. The resolutions were unanimously adopted amid the wildest applause. The ticket nominated is as follows. Governor, J. B. Foraker; Lieutenant Governor, Captain W. C. Lyon; Supreme Judge (long term), William T. Spear; Supreme Judge (short term), F. J. Dickman; Auditor, E. W. Poe, Treasurer, J. C. Brown; Attorney General, D. K. Watson; member of the Board of Public Works, C. A. Flickinger.

ON CANADIAN SOIL.

McGarigle, the Escaped Boodler, landed at Point Edward.

He is now Regaling Himself at Sarnia Opposite Port Huron.

A Sarnia special says: Boodler McGarigle, of Chicago, landed here this morning from the schooner Edward Blake. The Blake and Marsh were in the same tow, and while in American waters the tug Oriole, with Chicago detectives on board, steamed up to the Marsh, apparently with the intention of having them drop the Blake's tow-line. After a short conversation the Blake's tow-line was let go, but at the same instant a yawl left the schooner with McGarigle and quickly rowed for the Canadian side, landing at Point Edward. McGarigle at once drove to Courtwright, twelve miles down the river, ostensibly to catch a boat. He was, however, driven back, and is now here. It is believed that he is nervous over his safety in Canada, as he keeps away from the river, apparently fearing attempts at kidnaping.

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State.

—A trotting association is being formed at Milan.

—The Free Methodists are building a new church at Petersburg.

—Alma will puncture the earth to a depth of 2,500 feet in search of natural gas.

—A young man at Mendon is accused of having recently married his aunt.

—An order for five thousand cars is being filled at a Muskegon carworks.

—The Bronson normal is fairly well attended, about forty teachers being present.

—A proposition to prohibit blowing steam whistles is being debated at Port Huron.

—Thomas J. Wood, a well known pioneer of Saline, died Wednesday, aged 86 years.

—The State Assembly, Knights of Labor, will hold its annual session at Muskegon, Aug. 2.

—A new armory for the local militia company will probably be built at Alpena before long.

—The business men of Flint have organized a stock company for the purpose of backing the normal school located there.

—A contract has been let to Crocker & Hudnutt of Big Rapids, for building a court-house at Coldwater. The price is $69,460.

—A citizen of Mendon was recently fined for attaching sleigh bells to the harness of his horse and driving through the streets.

—Lightning set fire to Harvey Rowe's barn, near Portland, Tuesday, and before the flames could be extinguished a loss of $2,500 was occasioned.

—A Coldwater lady has a domesticated water lily which has blossomed twice during its two years of captivity. The plant is kept in an oil barrel.

John Maloney's salt block at Midland, with six thousand barrels of salt and one thousand cords of wood, burned. Loss, $10,000; insured for $3,600.

—Lake Lefevre is the scene of the sea serpent's latest appearance. A great black object with a big roar and a slow movement is the description of the omnipresent beast.

—Adrian has quit agitating the notion of putting the postoffice into the lower story of the city hall, and has commenced to fight over locating the public library there.

—Quicksand is bothering the drill in the Bronson gas well so much that piping may have to be put down before the journey toward the center of the earth can be resumed.

—A Brooklyn correspondent denies the report of the drowning of Robert Parker, of Bay City, at that place Sunday. Robert had a narrow escape, but he is still worth a hundred dead men.

—Twenty-two clergymen are expected to attend the Albion district camp meeting, August 1 to 6. Henry Date, president of the Young People's Methodist alliance in Chicago, will be one of the special preachers.

—The Michigan weather service crop bulletin, reports oats and potatoes suffering from the drought in the southern sections of the State. Pastures are entirely dried up and valueless for grazing. Temperature above and rainfall below the average.

—At Battle Creek, August 2, will take place a grand celebration of the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies and the South. Ex-Gov. Beveridge, of Illinois, and Gov. Luce, of this State, are expected to be present and deliver addresses.

—Capitalists from Chicago have made a proposition to the stockholders of the Ropes Company, at Ishpeming, to increase the number of stamps from 25 to 125, and operate the mine for part of the capital stock. The directors of the Ropes Company have the proposition under consideration.

—George Hammond of Plainwell, Allegan County, shot a colored man named Shafer in a house of prostitution in Kalamazoo. One ball entered Shafer's bladder and another his back. He will die. Shafer was just out of the Indiana prison at Michigan City, and his parents live in Madison, Ind.

—There was a tornado in Cheboygan County in the vicinity of the Rainy River district, and the Township of Allis, Presque Isle County, doing immense damage to standing pine. On one forty-acre tract not a tree was left standing. The roads in all directions are completely blocked by falling trees and timber.

—A. Anderson was thrown from his vehicle by an unmanageable horse at Ishpeming. He struck a lamp-post and was also run over. Physicians say the injury is to the spine and base of the brain. His body was paralized and he is in a delirious condition. Anderson was Sheriff of Marquette County for six years and is a prominent mining man.

—The Colby mine's safe, at Bessemer, was robbed of $4,000 Saturday night. The burglars gained admission by the office windows. Saturday was pay-day, and over $30,000 was distributed. There is generally about $10,000 in the safe after pay-day, as some men do not get their wages until Monday. There is no clew to the robbers.

—The natural gas craze has reached Howell. While workmen were engaged in digging a well Friday, a terrific roaring was heard, and stones and dirt were blown many feet into the air. Natural gas had been struck. The flow was lighted, and a flame as large as a barrel ascended to a height of thirty feet. The residents of that burg are wild with delight.

—The new laboratory of physics and hygiene will be erected on the university campus, at Ann Arbor, between the library building and the mechanical laboratory. It will be pushed to completion as soon as possible. It is designed that the building will be complete in itself and not, as was suggested, designed as a wing to a larger building to be erected at a future date.

—The retail grocers and butchers of Detroit have discussed a plan by which members will contribute an annual fee of $10 to establish a bad debt collecting agency. The agent will have a red wagon labeled "Collector of bad accounts," which he will drive from house to house in making collections. The agency will be established if the red wagon business does not prove to be illegal.

—Mrs. Ira Richmond of Golden, was driving the reaper across the field when the tongue broke. The horses started on and Mrs. R. was thrown into the machinery near the large wheel, and a deep gash was cut in her left leg at the knee. The farm dog, as is his habit sometimes, went to the head of the team and stopped it, or the wound would have been more serious and the result probably fatal.

—A collision occurred between a passenger and a freight train on the Toledo, Ann Arbor and Northern two miles from Ann Arbor. No lives were lost. Both engines and five freight cars were badly wrecked. The damage is about $10,000. The collision was caused by the freight conductor's mistake in reading the register at Leland's. The passenger was two hours behind and trying to make up time.

—The celebration of Court Pride, of Ishpeming, Ancient Order of Foresters, drew an immense crowd to Marquette. It was the biggest celebration ever held in the county. The band contest between all Upper Peninsula bands resulted in Calumet cornet band winning first prize, $300, and Eureka cornet band, of Ishpeming, $100. Seven bands united in playing the "Foresters' Ode" and "America." The Champion base-ball nine defeated the Marquette nine by a score of 10 to 11 in ten innings, giving the visitors a big purse.

—Eli Parker, an old and highly respected farmer residing near Charlotte, started to lead a vicious bull to water. He was alone, so that just what occurred cannot be positively known; but in some way the bull became excited and attacked the old gentleman. He was evidently knocked down, and badly pounded by the wild animal's hoofs. Besides being greatly bruised his body was torn horribly by the vicious brute's horns, the flesh hanging in shreds. The first knowledge the family had of the matter was communicated by a son of Mr. Parker, who found the enraged bull standing over and viciously pawing the body. He was obliged to call assistance, and even then it was with great difficulty that the bull was made to give up possession of the mangled remains. The animal has since been shot.

How Gold May Grow.

Mr. Daintree, indeed, found by experiment that if a speck of gold were placed in a solution of the chloride, the gold would gradually grow into a small grain on any piece of wood or cork introduced into the liquid. In other words, the metal contained in the chloride would come out from its combination as native gold, and unite with the tiny speck of pure metal which served as a nucleus. It is not improbable that the gold in quartz got similiarly deposited round a common center, so that in the most literal sense it may perhaps be true (in spite of Aristotle's dogmatic statement to the contrary) that money grows, though very slowly. It is a pleasant thought, indeed, for the poor man, to know that the gold is even now still growing. Mr. Brough Smyth has shown that it can be deposited nowadays in appreciable quantities within comparatively short periods. Bits of mineralized timber and beams from the galleries of the older workings in Australian mines have been found to exhibit, under the microscope, particles of gold, intermixed with crystals of iron pyrites, and through the central parts of the wood; and this gold must, of course have gathered there from solution in water during the five years that have elasped since the first discovery of the precious metal in Australia. Mr. Uchrich similarly notes that in the gold drifts, auriferous pyrites are often found incrusting or replacing roots and twigs, and samples of such gold-bearing wood, when submitted to an assay have yielded amounts of pure metal varying from a few pennyweights to several ounces per ton. Mr. H. A. Thomson further mentions a specimen of pyrites which had gathered in the center of an old tree trunk, and which yielded at the rate of as much as thirty ounces.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Bogus Spring Chickens.

A prominent citizen of Nashville, and one, too, who occupies a high official position and who is supposed by the public to be familiar with all kinds of farm products, is the butt of considerable teasing. His family have been summering in a cottage at one of the neighboring resorts, and as he came up-town Saturday morning the parting injunction of his wife was:

"Benjamin don't forget to bring me a couple of nice spring chickens for to-morrow."

He promised to obey, and made his appearance when the accomodation train stopped with a basket of provender on one arm while his other hand clutched the legs of a pair of tiny fowls. The chickens were placed in the coop and next morning when the decapitating process was in order one of the spring chickens was discovered making a great fuss over its confinement, and a closer inspection showed a pair of bantams abont 7 years old, and before dinner the spring chicken had contributed a fresh egg toward the noon-day meal.

The husband vowed that the man he purchased from swore that he had been supplying the hotels at the springs from the same crop.

Some of the boarders coincided in the opinion.

Loaded for the Editor.

"Sary," said a Dakota man to his wife, "did you take them ten bunches of wheat I brought in and put 'em all together an' mix the roots all up, an' plaster some mud on 'em in good shape?"

"Yes, I fixed 'em."

"Put the bunch in the wagon, an' I'll take it to town an' give it to the ed'tor an' tell him it all grew from one seed. An then he will say in the paper that he was on Wednesday showed a stool of wheat by farmer Doozenberry, in which there were over four hundred stalks an' heads. This remarkable product is all from one grain of seed. Dakota agin the world! Next!"—*Dakota Bell.*

FROWNS AND TEARS.

Before the days of clock in hall,
Or watch in pocket or on wall,
The ancients told the time of day
Cy measurements of sun and shade,
Just as you do you froward jade,
Who can be everything but gay.
They set up in a public place
A dial with a painted face,
Whereon a figure, like your nose,
Or like your threatening anger, rose;
And, when the sun went up and down,
Pointed the hours, as you do now,
With sullen humors on your brow—
For every hour a different frown!

When the sun set, or hid his light
In cloudy days, and in the night
They told the time another way.
By water, which from vessels dropped,
Till they were emptied, when it stopped.
And this they called the clepsydra.
You use the same old measure yet.
For evermore your eyes are wet,
You leaky creature, old and sour,
Whose life is a perpetual shower!
Strong should he be, and in his prime,
To whom, as wife, you measure time,
How he can tell, with you in sight,
Whether it be the day or night,
Has puzzled me, I own, for years,
Your peevish tempers change so soon:
Your frown, as now, proclaims its noon,
And now 'tis midnight—by your tears!
—[R. H. Stoddard, in Harper's Magazine.

MADOLINES FATE.

BY K. T.

CHAPTER I.

Spring had clothed itself in its fairest colors. Deep in the woods the purple of the odorous violets covered the soft moss, and the yellow daffodils nodded a welcome to the primroses that were just opening their buds in the dewy shelter of their green leaves.

"It is as if all nature had awakened to new life," Madoline Clide thought, as she stood in the shadow of an old rustic mill, listening to the ripple of the stream. "How happy it makes one feel!"

Happy, indeed, she looked, with her bright eyes reflecting the sunny warmth of the cloudless sky, her soft lips parted to inhale the fresh warm breeze that came to her laden with forest fragance.

Simply dressed in some light grey fabric, and pleated bodice confined at the waist by a pale blue ribbon, and bows of the same trimming her straw hat, dainty she looked withal, and graceful as a harebell, as she leaned over the stream, with the breeze fluttering the golden curls around her face, and setting everything about her in delicate motion.

"This dear old mill!" she murmured, glancing lovingly up from the flowing water to the broken moss covered beams. "How I love it! As if it would not be like destroying some living thing to pull it down. Why, the spirit of that great solemn wheel would haunt the spot for ever!"

She smiled at her thoughts, and then a look of startled wonder came into her eyes, and she held her breath in frightened listening.

"I heard something," she exclaimed inwardly—"something that sounded like a moan. Could it have been fancy?—the wind? No. Again!"

Her face grew pale, and she shrank from out the shadow of the creaking shafts with a deep awe in her heart.

Was the mill haunted? She had heard some talk to this effect in her childish days; was there truth in the rumor? Once more the sound came faintly to her, and she looked on the sunny scene around her, the fear that had made her heart beat with redoubled force gradually spent itself in a long deep breath, and practical sense returned to her.

"Somebody must be there—in pain," was the next conclusion she came to. "I wonder if I had better call for help, or go up first, and discover what is really the matter?"

She decided on this last course, and without a moment's pause, she climbed the rickety old ladder, and entered the disused mill.

The light streaming in through the narrow openings, where once the windows had been, showed up the ruined disorder of the place, the crumbling walls with the ivy creeping through every crevice, and the white dust which lay thickly upon the floor.

Madoline saw nothing of these. Her gaze was fixed on the form of a man lying on some straw in the darkest corner, and her mute lips seemed to ask a silent question as she moved to his side and bent over him.

"I have met with an accident," the man gasped, framing each syllable with difficulty. "I crept in here last night. I thought I must die before any one came to me."

The words ended in a moan of pain, and a second look at the white prostrate face warned Madoline that the stranger was on the point of swooning.

A wooden cup lay on one of the mouldering shelves. She snatched it up hastily, and descending the rickerty staircase, she plunged the bowl into the stream, and letting it fill to the brim, once more hurried breathlessly up the stairs.

It was but the work of an instant to kneel down and raise the stranger's head, to hold the refreshing draught to his parched lips.

"Drink," she said gently; "the cool water will revive you, and you will be able to tell me what I can do to serve you."

He drank eagerly, gratefully, and then his head sank on to the straw, and his eyes closed.

With quick thought, Madoline poured the remainder of the water over her handkerchief, and bathed his brow and his hands.

A thrill of horror ran through her as she saw the stain of blood upon his wrist, and the heavy dampness with which his sleeve clung to his arm showed her that he was wounded.

"What has happened?" she asked in a low pitiful voice. "You are hurt—much hurt. I must leave you while I go for help. You will not mind being alone for a few moments? I will bring back somebody who will be of greater use."

He slowly moved his head, and raising his lids with an effort, he turned his dark eyes earnestly on her pale face.

"I am better," he muttered. "I shall soon be well enough to help myself. Do not send anyone to me; I do not wish my presence here known."

"But why not?" Madoline asked, full of anxiety on his account. "You must have suffered enough all through the night; you cannot refuse the help you so greatly need. For your own sake I must disobey you; I must warn somebody at the farm of your danger."

The man moved his head restlessly, and a look of more than bodily pain came over his face.

"A moment ago I thought you seemed willing to assist me," he murmured faintly.

"I am more than willing to do whatever is best for you," she answered with some perplexity. "Do you not trust me?"

He gave her a long steady look.

"Can I give you a surer proof than by asking this favor of you? I do not wish it known that I am here. I have my reasons for concealment; and desperate reasons they are, too," he added, with a touch of bitterness. "Can you put sufficient faith in me to take my word for truth? The motive which compels me to secrecy is no guilty one; I am innocent of any crime—of any wrong-doing towards my fellow men. If you will let this be my refuge until I have strength to crawl away, you will be doing the greatest charity one human being can do another; and the day may come when you will look back with thankfulness to the time when you rendered, blindly, this service to a stranger."

In his exhausted condition, the effort to frame this speech was almost too much for him. He lay back breathing heavily, his breast rising and falling painfully, his gaze resting on her with eager suspense.

Madoline watched him with a nameless dread and uncertainty in her heart.

What, if through bending to this mystery she should bring harm to him? What if he should die? Would not his death be at her door, since she had kept his danger secret from those who might have saved him?

He mistook her silence. A deeper pain came up from the depths of his soul.

"I have asked too much," he said huskily; "I had no right to expect anything from you. Go, if you will, and tell the owner of the mill I am here—but I shall not be found. The moment you have left me for that purpose, I shall go, even though the effort cost me my last breath."

He tried to raise himself, clutching one of the projecting beams to support his bruised frame. He succeeded in dragging himself to his feet, and then sank on the nearest bench, and leaned against the rough wooden wall.

Madoline stretched out her hands involuntarily, as though to give him aid.

"Rest here in peace, she murmured, eager to dispel his fears; "not for the world would I drive you to further harm. I will keep silent as you wish."

"Thank you," he said slowly; "you are doing more for me than you can dream of."

The cloud had passed away from his face, and he gazed at her with the deep voiceless relief of the condemned released while standing on the scaffold awaiting death.

Madoline went closer, and touched his wounded arm, a great compassion shining in her eyes.

"Will you not let me see how you are hurt?" she asked gently; "perhaps I can do something to ease the pain of your arm."

A haggard smile flitted across his pale features.

"Pain!" he echoed, half cynically, "I had not thought of that; yet you have advised well. The sight of this ugly stain must have been enough to startle you away from me. I will wash it off."

He tore open his sleeve with utter recklessness of the agony the movement cost him, and Madoline saw that his arm was terribly bruised and lacerated, as though it had been crushed by a blow from some heavy substance.

"Let me," she said, softly turning back the rent sleeve; "you are not gentle enough with yourself."

"You think so!" he laughed, looking with pleasure into her sweet downcast face; "the temptation is great to leave myself in your hands. But no," he exclaimed, quickly covering the wound; "you are shuddering; and how pale you have grown! I can not allow you to try your nerves to such an extent."

"Indeed I do not mind," Madoline assured him. "You are hurting yourself again. Be patient, and I will bind the wound that it may heal the quicker."

If a feeling of faintness had come over her at first sight of his injury, it was quite dispelled now, and she was ready to do what she felt was necessary to hasten his recovery.

Her first thought was to get a fresh supply of water, and then she knelt down, and bathing the place, carefully bound it with her handerchief.

"You have borne it well," she said, rising with a white face, after she had softly adjusted the last fold. "I have suffered so much in performing the task, that I dare not think what it must have been for you to endure."

"Not much," he answered, careful not to let her see the operation had cost him one twinge of pain; "if it could always win me such gentle treatment, I could court accident for the mere delight of feeling that I had such sweet sympathy. I think you must be a fairy doctor. Already I feel so much better that I have almost forgotten why I am here."

There was a slight pause and a bitter sounding sigh before the last sentence was uttered; and as she rose from her kneeling posture, Madoline was recalled to the remembrance of the mystery surrounding him.

"I wish I knew your trouble," she said, looking at him as though she would read his history in his face. "Have you no friend—no one who would care to have news of you—who would come to you?"

"None. It is better so."

"But since you are ill?"

"I am strong. This weakness will not long keep me prisoner."

Something in the last word struck strangely on the girl's ear—a reluctant bitterness of tone, as if he would have checked back an utterance that foreshadowed a painful memory.

"Prisoner!" she murmured, her eyes growing very tender under their dark lashes. "Must you stay here in this miserable ruin on that bed of straw?"

The cloud once more settled on his brow, and his gaze, as he turned away from her, seemed to burn with a fiercer light.

Some of the new silver bells imported are studded with Roman pearls and a Latin motto on the clasp.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A JUNE DAY.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days:
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The butter cup catches the sun in its chalice,
And never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;

He sings to the wild world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?
Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes floating back, with a riply cheer,
Into every bare inlet, and creek, and bay;
Now the heart is so full tnat a drop overfills it.
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green,
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
The skies are clear and the grass is growing
The breezes come whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

LILLIES AND LARKSPURS.

The old-fashioned annunication lilly, "Lilium candidum" is now in bloom, and in its stateliness and purity is unexcelled. But how much more effective these tall, snow-white clusters appear against a background of dense, dark-green foliage. I have 100 of these in a row standing about eight inches apart before a grape trellis that makes a tall screen behind them. There are three or four open flowers and half a dozen buds on every stalk this morning, and the people of the village stop to look at the picture as they hurry on to the train. There was a row of foxgloves behind the lillies and they are about gone, so that I cut off the stalks when the lillies began to open. A few larkspurs tower above the lillies and their blue is deeper for the snowy line of lillies below, though I'm not quite sure that at a distance they add to the general effect. After the lillies are gone spikes of gladiolus planted closely throughout the bed—300 of them—will make a new picture with the larkspurs that will keep blue till frost if they are cut back so as not to set and seed. All this costs nothing. Five or six years ago I set out a few lily bulbs in August, the time for planting this variety, and I have given away bushels since from the increase. My gladiolus came from twenty-five originally. My larkspurs are from my own seed. I may not have them arranged in the best manner, but my neighbors tell me that the village is prettier for them. But I only write to say that flowers are much lovlier when planted where the most is made of them. Last year I gave a dozen lily bulbs to a neighbor and they stand in front of a white-washed fence. Of course they can be cut off to beautify the house in vases, but as they stand their effect is lost. —A Farmer's Wife.

BETTER NOT TRY IT.

I mean the renovation of worn-out pasture land with sheep alone. I had read about manure in the sheep's foot, and I stocked a pasture that had been run down with all the sheep it would carry and kept them there for three years. Of course the field is quite as unproductive as ever this year. Some of the bushes are gnawed off, but that is all. I might have known that the sheep could put nothing on the land beside what they take off, and the land would not become more productive any more than I would have been enriched by shifting my money from one pocket to another. Now, I should have put some bone dust or ashes on the land, or I should have fed my flock a little wheat bran or both. In this way I might have brought up the pasture without plowing. I sowed some plaster, but this did not seem to help. Don't follow my example and hope to store land with available plant food, for that is what "bringing up a worn-out field" amounts to without feeding it. *Ungumptious*

DIARRHŒA IN WORKING HORSES.

Sometimes when a horse has been some days at rest in the stable when put to work or driven on the road he will be suddenly attacked by violent diarrhœa. This is always a sign that he has been deprived of grain or his food is otherwise too laxative and deficient in strength-giving ingredients, and it does not disprove this that the animal has been fed a peck of oats just before being put in the harness. Overfeeding before working is a common mistake both for men or horses. It is not what was eaten in the morning that gives strength for the day's work, but what was eaten yesterday, and perhaps a week or month before. If the stomach is over loaded the strength of man or horse goes to its relief before anything else, and if the job is too big the load is disposed of by a spell of diarrhœa. Everyone knows how utterly weak and good for nothing that will make him feel. So, when the horse begins with scours put him in the stable at once. To continue work with it while in this condition is both cruel and wasteful. The horse can not do good service, and what he does do will be a cost of more flesh and muscle in one day than a week's work would require when the animal was in proper condition for working.

POTATO BUGS.

The only secret in growing potatoes is in having all work so well in hand that undivided attention may be given this crop when needed. In hot, dry weather swarms of potato bugs cover the vines suddenly and will do great damage if unchecked. None may be found one day and yet by noon of the next many hills may be badly eaten. When first hatched the larvæ are very small and not likely to be noticed, but the hotter the weather the more ravenously they eat and the faster they grow It is one of the advantages in applying Paris green with plaster that the latter attracts moisture and thus holds the dew on the vine longer, thus indirectly checking the bugs, although it is the poison that destroys them. If we could always have moist, cool weather, such as usually prevails in Summer in England and Ireland, it would be no great trouble to keep potato bugs in subjection. It is our hot, dry American Summers that make this enemy so destructive.

LITTLE KNOWN WEEDS.

Farmers lose by not going around more. If they visited other localities it would put them on their guard against dangerous weeds that in other place have proved troublesome, but whos beginnings may perhaps just be seen on their own farms. There are occasionally places long exempt from some of the worst weeds, but their seeds are carried by birds and other means, and as farmers do not suspect the danger the weed increases until it becomes almost an impossibility to destroy it. The weeds of one locality may not be as injurious in other places where different systems of cropping prevail, but there is no knowing how soon a farmer may want to change his crops, and it may be a great damage to him to have previously introduced some weed that makes the desired change impracticable. The farmer does not fairly own his land if some weed has a first mortgage on it to prevent his making any use of it that he wishes. Monroe County, N. Y.,

STIRRING THE CREAM

Is a point in dairy practice that must not be neglected in warm weather. A state of rest, warmth and moisture constitute the perfect conditions for fermentation. Cream, if allowed to remain in the can without stirring, sets up fermentation and develops a degree of acidity that soon destroys its character for making good butter. Not only this, but it greatly lessens the butter yield if allowed to remain quiet and souring, for the acid eats up the particles of butter. In order to keep the cream properly stirred and mixed it is well to make a rule to thoroughly stir the cream whenever new cream is added to the jar. To do this do not use a stick, which soon becomes old, and, in a measure, tainted with grease that has become more or less rancid. Get a new long-handled tin dipper, one than reach the bottom of the cream jar, so that there will be plenty of handle above the cream. Now let the operator lift the bottom of the cream to the top, and keep up the motion until all the new and old cream is thoroughly mixed. Whenever this jar is washed see that the dipper gets it too. Stirring round and round does not mix the cream half so well as lifting the dipper up and down. This cream jar should, of course, be kept in the coolest place possible, and should be emptied at least twice a week, and three times would be better. This is a vital point in good butter making, that the cream must not get old.—American Dairyman.

FRUIT VS PILLS.

Why should the American farmer live all the year on salt pork and fried potatoes? One of the earliest recollections of my life is the longing I had to get into the city once in a while, so that I could get all the strawberries I could eat. The average boy lives a great deal in his stomach. He has a hearty, unquestioning appetite, and in the Spring and Summer he eats without hesitation anything that is green. It is an instinct of his nature, he needs the fruit for its juices, and the right way to keep him from green stuff is to give him plenty of good, ripe fruit. In my boyhood on the farm, as above intimated, I thought strawberries, raspberries, grapes and peaches (with cream) were for city people; while an occasional mess of stewed currants, a few blackberries gathered after haying and harvest were over (no time before) and a small basket of apples clubbed off the trees and contended for with the pigs that stood waiting and watching (with blue milk) were for farmers. Who can blame the boy, with a natural, healthy appetite, if he gets tired munching this old stuff—pork, pickles, biscuit and potatoes—and rebels against the farm?—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

HORSES IN SUMMER.

My hired man declares that the horses do more work in the afternoon when they have a good rest at dinner. He always takes off the harness and collar and lets them rub and roll. He bathes the shoulder and wipes the dust from collar. Certainly my team never looked so well in hot weather. I should add that he takes pains to give them a pail of water each in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon.

VINE PESTS

Dip some corn cobs in coal-tar and place them among your squash vines to repel the borer. Or better, knock the bottoms out of shallow boxes, or saw soap boxes in two horizontally so as to have a frame say four inches deep, and on this tack mosquito netting. Place this over a hill of squashes, melons or cucumbers, and the borer or striped beetle are effectually excluted.

THESE ARE USEFUL.

Shelter from sudden storms in summer and shade in pastures can not be overestimated by the dairyman and herdsman. Large open sheds should be erected in pastures devoid of trees, and in these should be tanks of water.

The root crops for swine should consist of a variety; the farmer should grow not only beets and turnips for them, but parsnips and carrots also. The cheapest pork is that made by securing rapid growth on roots and grass.

Frames six or eight inches high and a foot square are nice to plant squashes, cucumbers, etc., inside of to keep bugs away, not taking these away, till the vines fill up the frames, and if danger of late frost cover frames over with heavy paper.

Horses dislike solitude, and are made savage by being kept alone. Goats ought always to be kept in large stables, because they will face fire, and horses, it is said, will follow them out, though they will not go by themselves.

FOR THE LADIES.

About Woman.

The council of the University of Melbourne has decided, by a large majority, to admit women as students of medicine.

Miss Luella Varney, of Cleveland, is a rising sculptor. She has recently finished a bust of Bishop Gilmore, of that city, which exhibits much force and is a striking likeness.

Miss Alice Freeman, President of Wellesley College has received 580 applications from young women wishing to enter Wellesley next year. There are only 100 places possible at present.

Miss Grace Howard has gone to Crow Creek agency in Dakota, where she will fulfill a two-years' mission as instructor of the Indians. A schoolhouse will be erected there and a school established.

Mrs. A. K. T. R. Carey has invented a very simple cover for tumblers or jars. It is made of a tough paper neatly printed with space left for marking the variety or date of making, and fastens securely at once.

Miss Agnata Ramsay of Girton College has been awarded the first rank in classics at Cambridge, England. She has surpassed all the male students in classics, being the only one of either sex to pass in the first division.

Frances E. Willard has gone to Manitoba to attend a W. C. T. U. Convention. She will stop in Bismarck, Dakota, and take in many outlying towns, everywhere carrying the good gospel of the ballot for woman as the best temperance measure.

Killing a wife is not very severely punished in Massachusetts. In the Superior Court at New Bedford, on the 16th instant, Thomas Fitzgibbons of Fall River for killing his wife was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to the House of Correction for two years.

An attempt to indict Mrs. Barber in the Federal courts for illegal voting at the last general election in New York State having failed, an effort has just been made to indict her in the State courts. This also has failed and the court has adjourned, leaving Mrs. Barber mistress of the situation.

All associations of women, having for their object the discussion of political questions at public meetings, are interdicted within the jurisdiction of the Prussian laws of association, and it is stated officially that political economy is a political question, when it has to do with the subversion of the present social status.

Home Knowledge.

A little borax in the water used for bathing the face will tend to remove an oily look.

Vaseline or cold cream applied to the finger nails every night will tend to make them less brittle.

Eggs should never be placed near onions, fish, cheese, lard, coffee or any article from which rises a perceptible odor.

Flannels should be ironed on the wrong side, with an iron that barely sizzles under a wet finger, until they are quite dry.

Dust and coal smoke are removed from papered walls and ceilings by rubbing them with a broom wrapped around with a soft white cloth; the cloth should be changed whenever it becomes much soiled.

A cheap and effective disinfectant can be made by dissolving a bushel of salt in a barrel of water, and with this water slack a barrel of lime. This forms a sort of chloride of lime, which may be used freely in cellars, outhouses, etc.

To keep silver plated articles bright, dip them occasionally in a solution of hyposulphite of soda. Large articles, like pitchers and salvers, should be wiped off with a rag dipped in the solution and dried with a soft towel. By rubbing with a piece of chamois leather they will be as bright as new.

The cleanest and most perfectly polished floors have no water used on them. They are simply rubbed off every morning with a large flannel cloth which is soaked in kerosene oil once in two or three weeks. Shake the dust out of the cloth, and with a rubbing brush or stubby broom go rapidly up and down the planks (not across them.)

Fashion Notes.

China crape shawls now "obtain" for table covers in the fashionable country house.

Solid silver chains for girdles or for looping up dresses are among new and novel things seen.

Long, wicker-covered bottles of cologne dangling from the waist are the thing in traveling.

Too many wires in the back of a thin dress make the girls of the period look as if in a cage.

Bonnet pins become more and more elaborate and expensive, the designs now running to insects.

Jewelers say a new and fashionable combination in finger rings for ladies, is rubies and diamonds.

For the coming season ladies' visiting cards will be smaller than heretofore and perfectly square.

For traveling many women prefer silk to kid gloves at this season, and thereby exhibit good sense.

Some of the new silver bells imported are studded with Roman pearls and a Latin motto on the clasp.

Gold and silver glove buttoners, hanging from a chantelaine at the breast, are quite the fashion.

People in mourning have their alligator traveling bags covered with black muslin, bound in black.

Latest Parisian bonnets are by no means as high as they were, and are exceedingly simple and pretty.

Many of the newest tailor made suits for young ladies have the "dummy" white pique vest and collar.

Any woman who has not at least one lace flounced dress in her wardrobe is something like a mile and three quarters behind the procession.—*New York Mail.*

To Whiten a Kitchen Table.

A kitchen table that has become very dark and stained from neglect may be bleached with wood ashes. Make them into a paste with water and spread on the table at night. In the morning brush them off and scrub. This is a very good way to take grease out of the floors.

Crystallized Fruit.

To crystallize cherries, currants, etc., dip the fruit, still on the stem, in beaten white of egg; lay it on a sieve for a few moments to drain. Then roll in pulverized sugar, lay on white paper and place in an open window or a cool oven to dry. Keep in a cool place till served.

A Polish for Cabinet Work.

A polish sufficiently fine and lustrous for delicate cabinet work is said to consist of half a pint of linseed oil, half a pint of old ale, the white of an egg and one ounce of spirits of salt. Shake well before using. The article to be polished must be free from dust. Put a little of the polish on a soft linen pad and rub the article lightly.

First Catch Your Hare.

It is generally believed that Mrs. Glass in her cookery book wrote "first catch your hare and then," the directions for cooking following, and that this is the origin of the expression, but some contend that the word catch was "scratch" (to skin), or scradge (trim), or scotch (to cut up). However this may be the expression has passed into a proverb, having a general application, advising one to be sure of a first step, before too closely considering a second.

A Delicious Dessert for Pineapple.

A delightful way to prepare a pineapple for dessert is the following: Soak half a package of gelatine for an hour or more in half a cupful of water. Chop up a small pineapple and simmer it ten minutes with a scant cupful of sugar and a cupful of water; then add the gelatine, remove from the fire and strain. When it has partly cooled add the whites of four eggs and beat well. When the mixture begins to harden, pour it into moulds and set it away.

Summer Dresses.

Sleeves for summer dresses are many of them made quite full, and some are confined by a band at the wrist. This style of sleeve is seen on imported dresses. Many corsages are also made full, being shirred on the shoulders and confined at the waist by a belt. Blouse waists with yoke and belt also appear in summer gowns.

White wool dresses are being made up in large numbers by New York modistes for wear at the seaside where muslins and other light weight fabrics soon lose their crisp freshness.

Attractive way to Serve Spinach.

Where spinach is to be served as a dish by itself, it looks well if arranged as follows: After washing, put it in salted boiling water to cover it. When cooked, squeeze out all the water, press the spinach though a colander and then fry it a few minutes in a little butter and season with salt and pepper. Lay thin slices of buttered toast on a platter, and on each slice put a cupful of spinach nicely pressed into shape; into the top of each heap of spinach press the half of a hard boiled egg.

A Model Shopper.

It was at the linings counter at a certain store, says *The Boston Record*, and seven women were seated on the stools in front of the counter buying linings. The patient salesmen listened to their discussions and their monologues, answered their inquiries, and patiently changed their orders to suit their whims. Suddenly, a blithe, yet quiet little lady appeared with a bit of gray cheviot in her hand. One of the salesmen, who was waiting for a lady in a black satin gown to determine whether she would have a yard and a half or a yard and three-quarters of percale, looked at the new-comer with an expression of mingled inquiry and relief. He evidently recognized her, and hoped to have the pleasure of waiting upon her. It must have been a pleasure to his soul, tired with the exasperating delay of the woman he was serving.

"Please give me five yards of English cambric exactly two shades darker than this chiviot," said the woman, who knew what she wanted, "and one yard and seven-eights of the second quality of silesia two shades lighter, and a yard of hair cloth, of the color of the cambric. Please take this two dollar bill, and I will come back for my change and things after I have been to the buttons and trimmings counter."

I had the curiosity to follow her to the trimmings counter. She asked for her silk and twist, cotton, braid, shields, and whalebones, in the same quick exact manner, and turned around to the buttons counter while they were being done up. She asked for the card of sample buttons, picked out those she wanted incredibly soon, then retraced her steps, gathering up her purchases as she went, taking a parcel from the counter of cheviots as she passed, after going to the linings counter. Probably she hadn't time to have things sent home, and one can easily imagine that she had that dress cut out and fitted and half finished before she went to sleep that night.

The New Era in Astronomy.

The new photographic chart of the entire heavens, which has been definitely decided upon by the International Astronomical Congress at Paris, will be prepared on a uniform system at observatories in all parts of the globe. The negatives are to be taken with refracting telescopes of thirty-three centimeters (about thirteen inches) aperture, upon a scale of sixty millimeters (about two and one-third inches) to a degree. Two views are secured, the first being expected to represent all stars down to the fourteenth magnitude, and the second, of short exposure so as to ensure greater sharpness and accuracy of image, to register down to the eleventh magnitude only. If four square degrees is agreed upon as the size of the field, more than 10,000 plates of each series will be required to complete the undertaking. Each observatory will be assigned a distinct area in the sky. Already four observatories in the northern hemisphere and two in the southern have arranged to take part in the work, and many others expect to do so. The cost to each observatory is placed at $20,000.

HUMOROUS.

A man who is in the habit of getting full is apt to find money tight, too.—*Boston Courier.*

Buffalo Bill has been wonderfully successful in London. He is said to be on "Ah, there!" terms with the Queen.—*Puck.*

No man can realize how easy it is to pass the contribution box around and forget to chip in, until he tries it. —*Louisville Democrat.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men which, if not skillfully dodged at the proper time, drowns them.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

In New York City they never find out how good and virtuous a man or woman is until he or she murders somebody.—*Buffalo Times.*

A Maryland lady defends herself for the size of her bustle by saying that she isn't responsible for what goes on behind her back.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mount Hugging, in New Hampshire, is to have a Summer hotel. It ought to rival Kissimmee, Florida, as a pleasure resort.—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

It is said that a craze for studying the Russian language is springing up. There are, however, easier ways of committing suicide.—*St. Paul Globe.*

From Southern lands come strawberries,
On market stalls are toothsome dates,
The cherries deck the cherry trees,
And pairs are seen on garden gates.
—[Boston Courier.

There is no lack of Presidential candidates, but the ominous thump of the coopers who are tightening bar'l hoops is heard in the land.—*Saratogian.*

A mixed congregation: Ida Goodspeed recently attended our church with a nice horse and buggy, which were a present from her father.—*Oswego Times.*

When an Amherst (N. H.) farmer wants to lasso any cattle he borrows the name of Quoquinnapassakessanagnog House and uses it for a lariat. —*Hotel Mail.*

Kentucky liquor men have decided to limit the output of whisky. What our temperance friends want is to limit the input as well as the output.—*New York Tribune.*

It is suspected that the reason so many men are afraid to die is that they dread the possibility of meeting so many life-insurance agents on the other side.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Young wife (petulantly)—Well, even if I don't come to meet you every night as I used, what does it signify? Young husband—That we have been married six months.—*Life.*

It is said that the trout are "rising" very freely in Mosselucmeguntie Lake this season. The evidently prefer to die in a frying pan than live in a lake with such a name.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Johnny," said the minister, rather severely, "do you chew tobacco?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "but I'm clean out just now: "Jimmy Brown's got some, though." — *Washington Critic*

From its tendency to gush and spout and create a bad odor, and flare up and go off when it isn't loaded, we conclude that there is a good deal of human nature in a gas-well.—*Springfeld Union.*

A bullet has been invented that passes through the body "without causing any unnecessary discomfort." Kills a man nice and easy, and not like the chrome-yellow bun.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Brown—"a villain has been swindling a lot of folks down town. He passed himself off as me, and gathered in quite a sum of money."—"Passed himself off as you? Why, the rascal must be lost to all sense of shame." *Boston Transcript.*

A hopeless case: "What's the matter, bub?" inquired a Philadelphia citizen of a little boy who was crying. "My k-kite won't fly," sobbed the lad. "Well, no wonder," said the gentleman, examining it, "it is made of the editorial page of the *Ledger*."—*Life.*

Johnny was visiting at his grandpa's farm. He had seen the cows, and drank the rich milk, but had never seen the milking. "Mamma, where does the miik come from?" "From the cows, dear." How do they get it out? Do they pump it with her tail?

They tell in Philadelphia of a small boy whose governess one day, out of patience with his mischievousness, caught him by the arm, saying: "Harry, I believe the Old Nick has hold of you." Quick as a flash the youngster answered: "Yes, but only with one hand."—*New York Sun.*

The hottest place in the country last week was in the White House, Washington. No thermometer could be found capable of registering the degree of heat there about the time the President wrote his letter explaining why he thought it best to order a retreat from St. Louis.—*New York Tribune.*

Etiquet says: "The husband's card should always accompany that of his wife's upon all formal occasions." We don't know much about the game, but it strikes us that if the wife holds both bowers and the ace, backed by a couple of good side cards, she might venture to play it alone without any assistance from her husband.—*Norristown Herald.*

Omaha girl—So you knew Clara De Smart's father before he was married. Poor man, he came to the school to see his daughter graduate, and I couldn't help pitying him. Omaha pa—His daughter is a beautiful girl. "O, yes, she is rather pretty." "And she delivered the valedictory and took all the prizes." "Yes, but her dress didn't set fit to be seen."—*Omaha World.*

Excited fisherman to Summer hotel man—"There isn't a bit of fishing around here! Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" Hotel man—"I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was "Fishing unapproachable." *Burlington Free Press.*

Summer tourist (to landlord)—"Do you allow dogs in your hotel?" Landlord—"Yes, sir; bring all the dogs you want to." Summer tourist—"I'll have to go somewhere else. I can't stand dogs." Another summer tourist—"Do you allow dogs in your hotel?" Landlord—"No, sir; won't have a dog about the place." Tourist—"I'm sorry. My wife has a dog she thinks more of than she does of me."—*New York Sun.*

The Ypsilantian.

The Printers at Port Huron.

Twentieth Annual Meeting of the Michigan Press Association—Scenes on the St. Clair—An Agonizing Experience.

It is quite probable that the twentieth annual meeting of the Michigan Press Association, held at Port Huron from Tuesday to Thursday, inclusive, last week, was not regarded as an event quite equaling in importance a national political convention or a ball game between the Chicagos and Detroits, from the standpoint of the average observer and mental compiler of important events, but it was an event of more interest than either, perhaps, to the newspaper men who attended, and surely that which interests and is deemed important by newspaper men should not be regarded as entirely lacking the elements that satisfy the peculiar taste for "news" as developed in the present day and generation.

The purpose of the annual meetings of the editors and newspaper managers of Michigan is for business in part and for pleasure and recreation in the main, and the meeting at Port Huron fully developed all the features of that purpose. The city is most delightfully situated, at the head of the St. Clair river, just where the beautiful stream gathers its flowing green skirts and rolls into its bed, to be lulled to peaceful, pleasant dreams in its passage from lake to lake, changing its name with each rising of the sun, until it is aroused from sleep and dreams to fast and furious action by its mighty tumble over Niagara and its swift splurge through the rushing rapids and the whirlpool.

We realize that our figure of speech is just a little startling, but as novelty and originality are the features most in demand in literature at the present time, we will claim for our description a full share of both originality and novelty, and let it go. It is probably a painful departure from the facts in the case to say that a river gathers its skirts and rolls into its bed, or to assume that it could be indulging in peaceful, pleasant dreams while it was rolling and tossing. But it wears its skirts only when it is in its bed, and that it tumbles and rolls in its dreams may be due to the fact that it is sometimes up all night and at other times it is "down in the mouth." If the explanation fails to explain, it is probably because the subject is too deep for us.

We have often heard and read glowing descriptions of the baby lake, St. Clair, and the somewhat abbreviated but beautiful river of the same name, but no description that we ever read or heard did even partial justice to the splendid pictures they present from the decks of the steamers that plough through their waters. The trip from Detroit to Port Huron presents enchanting bits of scenery, beautiful blendings of water and sky, light and shade, both in color and life—the club houses and hotels that here and there appear upon the river's banks, some large and elegant, others tiny and lovely as fairyland homes are pictured, while sharp contrasts to the costly and beautiful summer houses of the rich are given in the cabins and huts of the fishermen that several times are seen. The praises of the Hudson and the Rhine have been written and spoken until the merest mention of their names brings visions of beautiful banks and romantic ruins before the eyes, but the romance of the Rhine and stately sweep of the Hudson are both surpassed in the features that give them fame by the charms of the short but sweet St. Clair.

There was little in the business transacted by the Press Association that would interest the readers of THE YPSILANTIAN. The citizens of Port Huron did all in their power to make the visit of the members of the press to their city an occasion of pleasure, and profit in the way of information and observation, and their success was fully equal to their exertion. An address of welcome was delivered to the Association Tuesday evening by Mayor Hartsuff, and the promise of hearty hospitality and kindly greeting he extended in behalf of his city were fully redeemed in all respects. Complimentary excursions on the electric street railway that passes through the center of the city and connects it with Fort Gratiot were extended and enjoyed; as were also carriage drives and short steamer excursions. But the crowning feature of the courtesies extended to the Association was the banquet tendered by the ladies of Port Huron, Wednesday evening. The large building in which the banquet was given, Palace Hall, they called it, had been adorned and beautified for the occasion; the tables were filled with the beautiful and good, which, in the lamenting refrain of obituary poetry, soon passed away.

We failed to reach the hall in time to take any part in the actual business of the banquet, but we arrived too soon to escape an affliction that for a moment made life seem hardly worth the living and this world a wilderness of tears. Perhaps there is a form of suffering that can equal the agony that envelops the soul of a modest mortal, who without previous preparation or the slightest warning, is suddenly called upon to stand up before a strange, unsympathizing throng and respond to a personal toast, but we don't believe there is. We passed through this trial at the Port Huron banquet, and can now look forward with impatient curiosity to the pains of purgatory, satisfied in the assurance that nothing there provided can surpass what we have endured.

Port Huron is a handsome city, but in point of beauty of location and construction can not compare with Ypsilanti. In number of elegant private residences it does surpass our city, but they are isolated, and in attracting admiration to themselves the handsome houses and grounds also direct attention to the great majority of ordinary, unpretentious dwellings.

The streets are sandy and heavy, but they are being improved with the wooden block system, and soon will favorably compare with our own splendid streets. Port Huron has a successful system of waterworks, but in the advantages derived from such a source Ypsilanti has no part. So far as our personal observation could extend, we would not be justified in negating in the slightest the seemingly extravagant claims that are at present being made for Port Huron as a desireable location for enterprising business men and manufacturing enterprises. Natural gas, the necessary and principal element of the successful boom of the present day, the city has, but owing to the unusual shallow depth at which the precious fluid has been reached, from 350 to 550 feet, the question as to the durability of its supply is one more often raised than in the case of the deeper wells.

The meeting closed Thursday noon, and the members of the Press Association departed from Port Huron filled with gratitude and other things good, and with pleasant memories of kindness shown and courtesies extended that will not soon be forgotten.

Rawsonville.

Ben Gilbert of Detroit is spending his vacation at this place.

Miss Myrtie Bordine of Saline has been visiting Miss Almena Barlow.

The masons are at work on the abutements of the new bridge.

Some miscreant shot one of Myron Bumpus's hogs last Monday evening. He will be taught a lesson if found out.

Greenman says he is getting ready for his annual bean dinner. It is to be at Plymouth, isn't it Charlie?

Saline.

O. E. Hawkins has gone to Ashley to visit Will Briggs.

H. T. Nichols is visiting the northern part of the state.

Mrs Ransom of St. Paul, Minn., is visiting in town.

More of our citizens will have business in Ypsi. this week than any other week during the year. "Races, you see!"

Rev. Mr. Gallup of Ypsilanti, fills the pulpit at the Baptist church for the present.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Clark a girl, the 28th.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Gates, on Henry street, a boy, the 28th.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Ottoman, a boy, the 28th.

Ed Dennis and R. Glover visited Detroit the 29th.

Henry Davison of Ashley is visiting in town.

E R. Aldrich and daughter were called by telegram to Lansing to attend the funeral of Mr. Aldrich's son's wife.

W. A. Brown of Ann Arbor Sundayed in town.

Cliff Bassett of Ann Arbor visited his parents and friends in town.

Wm. Jackson and R. H. Marsh will visit Ypsi. this week.

The cornet band gave us very nice music on the street Saturday evening. We understand they will continue to do so the balance of the summer.

Newcomb.

(Delayed from last week's correspondence.)

Mrs. Jabez Strong of Jerome is visiting freinds in this vicinity.

Mr. John Bird's little son Oscar, 5 years old, fell from a scaffold in a wagon shed and broke his arm a little above the wrist. Dr. J. N. Gregg set it for him and he is doing well.

Mrs. Carlos Childs and children of St. Ignace, are visiting Mrs. J. Webster Childs.

Miss Jennie Hickey of Detroit is visiting at Patrick O'Brien's.

David Bemiss and wife of Manistee spent two days of last week with Mrs. Jas. Walters.

Frank Fullington is very low with typhoid fever.

Miss Preston of Detroit is visiting friends at this place.

Eli Alban, left last week for Jackson where he has a situation in a car shop.

Misses Kate O'Brien and Jennie Hickey were visiting last week in Superior.

A number of our young people attended the party at D. Russell's hall last Friday evening and report a splendid time.

A small child of Mr. Foss, who moved onto Abe Swayzer's farm last spring, was kicked in the face by a horse last week. It was cut so bad that Dr. Gregg had to make several stitches in it.

Mrs. Hiram P. Thompson was in Ypsilanti last Saturday, the first time in over a year, sickness having compelled her to stay at home.

Gradually the old landmarks are passing away. The old Heath homestead, which has been in the Heath family for a long time, is now being sold off into village lots to supply the demands of that fast growing little village of Willis.

Miss Mary Chase of Kalamazoo is visiting at G. C. Moore's.

Mr. Robert Strong of Jerome is buying sheep in the vicinity of Ypsilanti.

There was a law suit before Esquire Rust last week, the interested parties being Mr. George Bovee of Whittaker and Mrs. Bertha Smarte. We have not learned how the suit came out. C. R. Whitman appeared for Bovee and Sam Burroughs of Bellville for Mrs. Smarte.

There was a special school meeting, held at the Childs's school house one night last week, to take action in regard to dividing the district. The district is a large one, and the settlement quite large for two miles and over east of the school house, both in Washtenaw and Wayne counties. They ask to be allowed to form a district of their own, but the resolution failed to pass by a two-thirds vote.

Mr. Wm. Hewens team ran away last week, but luckily no damage was done except a little smashing of his wagon.

One day last week while Elder Wood and his little ten-year-old boy were at work on G. N. Hammond's barn roof painting the boy lost his footing and fell from the roof of the barn to the ground, a distance of 25 feet, and struck among a lot of pieces of stone, but fortunately he was only slightly hurt.

Will Moffat has purchased a new threshing engine and separator.

Mrs. John Bird had a cousin visiting at her place last week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Pester and to Mrs. Will Cook, boy babies.

Some parties broke into the store of Mr. R. F. Walters at this place last Thursday morning about two o'clock. They got about $80 worth of money and postage stamps and goods. They gained an entrance through the south window of the store which opens into a room used as a kitchen. Mrs. Walters was the first one to discover that there was some one in the house. She turned up the light in her bedroom, which is up stairs, being so frightened at first that she could not call her husband who slept in another room close by. The burglars got scared at her turning up the light and before her husband was awakened they had got out of the house taking with them Mr. Walters best pants. No clue to the robbers. Every one around here hopes they may be caught and brought to justice.

BETWEEN WINTER AND SPRING.

LUCY LARCOM.

That weary time which comes between
The last snow and the earliest green!
One barren clod the wide fields lie,
And all our comfort is the sky.

We know the sap is in the tree—
That life at buried roots must be;
Yet dreary is the earth we tread,
As if her very soul were dead.

Before the dawn the darkest hour!
The blank and chill, before the flower!
Beauty prepares this background gray,
Whereon her loveliest tints to lay.

Ah, patience! ere we dream of it,
Spring's fair new gospel will be writ.
Look up! good only can befall,
While heaven is at the heart of all!

THE CONSECRATED WILL.

Laid on thine alter, O my Lord divine,
Accept my gift this day for Jesus' sake;
I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,
Nor any world famed sacrifice to make.

But here I bring with my trembling hand
This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small,
And only thou, dear Lord, canst understand
How when I yield thee this I yield mine all

Hidden therein, thy searching eye can see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
All that I have, or am, or fain would be—
Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite.

It hath been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Clinched in my grasp, till beauty it hath none.
Now from thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,
The prayer ascendeth, May thy will be done!

Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in thine own will, that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,
And thou give back my gift, it may have been

So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know or feel it as mine own,
But gaining back my will may find it thine

BEYOND.

ELLA WHEELER.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond,
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand;
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with a bated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

THE HOUSE-TOP WALK.

BY CHARLES L. THOMPSON.

[Along the ridge of the roof of many houses in Nantucket there is a platform railed in, called "the walk," from which the families of the sailors were wont to watch the outgoing and incoming ships.]

Weather-stained and beaten and empty now,
The long, long vigil is o'er;
No longer the ships go out to sea,
And the watchers wait no more;
Sailors and watchers are resting now,
Some on this sandy lea,
And some with the sea-grass round them twined,
Are asleep in the wandering sea.

But it comes to me, as I walk the street
Of the quaint historic town,
A vision these scenes have looked upon
In the years so long agone;
A vision of struggle with storm and tide
By the brave ones, called to roam
On the wrathful way of the ocean wide,
And a vision of love at home.

On the house-top walk in the morning gray
And yet in the deepening night,
They watch for the flash of a homeward sail
Or the swing of a masthead light.
It is morn again, again 'tis eve,
So the days drag one by one,
And the steadfast thing in the changeful scene
Is the love that will have its own.

So the hair grows gray and the faces thin,
For the sea is empty still;
And the lonely years will have their way
And God will have his will.
But the watch is o'er—what matters now
Though the ships drift endlessly,
Though some are asleep in the graveyard there,
And some in the wandering sea?
Nantucket, July.

WATCH AND PRAY.

As those who, bending o'er the couch of pain
Where lies a dear one, list each laboring breath,
And long for morning light to shine again,
And life to overcome and vanquish death;
So watch and pray.

As those who, tossing long on stormy seas,
Driven by winds and buffeted by waves,
Look with keen sight for rim of land and trees,
And the green shore, and sweet home-breeze that saves;
So watch and pray.

As they who, when the night hath fallen chill,
And dead leaves drift before the wailing blast,
List, till a welcome step their glad hearts thrill,
And one beloved is safely home at last;
So watch and pray.

For it may be when dawn is on the sky,
Or pomp of noon, or solemn peace of night,
That One thou lovest may to thee draw nigh,
And of his presence leave a token bright;
Ah! watch and pray.

O! but to catch a passing gleam of him,
O! but with him to walk a little way,
With his sweet words to light our tapers dim,
And see by faith the coming perfect day!
We watch and pray.

Lord, hearts are willing, but the flesh is weak,
Thou knowest; help us in thy strength divine
Ever to watch, to pray, to hear thee speak,
And to thy loving hands ourselves resign,
Now and alway!

LONG AGO.

B. W. BULL.

Brighter shone the summer sunshine
Of the Junes of long ago,
And with deeper crimson damasked
Did the foretime's roses blow—
Spread a fresher, dewier greensward
Verdure of the years gone by—
Hummed the bee a drowsier murmur—
Soared aloft a bluer sky.

Sang the poets sweeter measures
Than the Present's minstrels know,
Loftier, in the azure distance,
Towered the mountains long ago;
Hearts were warmer, lips more kindly
In the days that are no more;
Life, indeed, was worth the living
In that jocund time of yore.

Summer eves were softer, sweeter,
Night sky had a starrier glow,
Brighter over bards and lovers
Shone the moons of long ago;
Raved the autumn wind more wildly,
Whirling sere leaves to fro;
Roof and pane, more fiercely beating
Fell the rains of long ago.

As in space, in time the distant
Wears an azure, golden glow,
Thus as farther off we leave it
Fairer seems the long ago.
Memory conjures vanished faces
From the dust where lie they low—
As the years fly faster o'er us,
Brighter shines the long ago.

All its sorrow are forgotten,
As far rough crags azure show—
Dwells the world-worn heart with yearning
On the things of long ago,
Like some strand of Faerie gleaming
On the storm-tossed voyager,s eye,
More and more the heart alluring,
Lie they there—the days gone by.

The Band Excursion.

The cheapest and best excursion of the season will be that given next Wednesday, by the Ypsilanti City Band, to Put-in-Bay and return for $1.25, children under 12 years of age, 75 cents. The steamer City of Cleveland has been engaged for the occasion to carry the excursionists from Detroit to the island. All who desire a pleasant ride on the water and an enjoyable day generally should make arrangements to accompany this excursion. Plenty of cars will be provided, that all may have seats in well ventilated cars, both to and from Detroit. Tickets can be purchased at the American Express office, of A. A. Beadell at the depot, or of any members of the City Band.

They are Grateful.

Having through the generous and efficient assistance of Messrs. Wortley Bros., A. A. Graves, Wells & Fisk, J. C. Fuller, J. C. Embrose, R. Hamilton, T. A. York and E. Artis, been enabled to make our Emancipation Day excursion a gratifying success in all respects, we desire to publicly express our thanks to the gentlemen named, and to pledge ourselves to give more satisfactory assurance of our gratitude should circumstances ever so permit.

A. C. FOSTER,
J. R. JOHNSON.

"Is it Warm Enough for You?"

Our question has no reference to the weather; we are not cruel enough to ask such a question respecting the temperature, with the thermometer at 99 in the shade, but it is as to competition in the grocery trade that we desire information, and that, we believe is at present about as hot as the weather. But don't let the competition trouble you in the least, gentle reader. You can get full advantage of the low prices it makes by taking or sending your orders to Arthur Smith, Congress street, and the goods you will get at his grocery will be the best the market affords. The subject is a warm one but we are relating cold facts.

A. O. U. W. Picnic.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15, A. O. U. W., will be held Wednesday evening of next week, Aug. 10, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is particularly requested, in order that arrangements may be made for holding a lodge picnic in the near future. P. W. CARPENTER, Rec.

I. O. O. F. Announcement.

The Transportation Committee of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., today announces that the grand official route from Chicago to Denver and return in September will be Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry., Chicago to Kansas City, Union Pacific Ry., Kansas City to Denver, returning via Burlington Route, Denver to Chicago. Official train will leave Chicago for Denver at 2 p. m. Wednesday, September 14th.

For Sale.

A young horse, gentle, and good driver; will be sold cheap. Also a phaeton and single harness. Inquire of N. B. Trim, of Trim, McGregor & Co. tf

A Sharp Subject.

Scissors, shears, razors and carving knives, ground and sharpened in first-class manner, at Geo. Witmire's barber shop, on Huron street.

For Rent.

Pleasant cottage on Normal street, near Ellis. Rent $12.50 per month. Address C. W. MANSFIELD, Grand Rapids Mich. tf

Wanted to Rent.

A good house. Inquire of C. H. Foster, Congress street.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's Own True Laxative. This plesant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Mr. Fred Davis, large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system to act on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills

It is almost dangerous to sew this hot weather, so if you need pretty, well-made aprons, of newest style, just call at the Bazarette.

Blatchford's stock food, old process oil cake and Raven's condition powders for horses, cattle sheep and swine.
P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

To-night and to-morrow night, and at all times call on us for Kemp's Pile Suppositories. The new treatment for Piles. Price 50 cents per box. Frank Smith druggist. 4

80 acres in town of Brady, Saginaw Co., very cheap, $12 per acre, or will exchange for city property. Enquire of S. A. DENIKE.

Encyclopædia Britannica, popular reprint, $2.50 per vol.
JNO. W. WISE, Agent.

That Rarest of Combinations,

True delicacy of flavor with true efficacy of action, has been attained in the famous California liquied fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Its pleasant taste and beneficial effects have rendered it immensely popular. 50c. and $1 bottles for sale by Fred Davis, Congress st.

Have you ever tried a cake of the pure white castile soap, kept at the Bazarette. Spend your next nickle for a cake; you'll like it.

To all members of society: Kemp's Balsam will cure your distressing cough. We guarantee it. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free. Frank Smith druggest. 4

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington st.

First National Bank, Ypsilanti

PAID UP CAPITAL, $75,000.

OFFICERS:

D. L. QUIRK, Pres. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

D. L. QUIRK, L. A. BARNES,
E. F. UHL, C. S. WORTLEY,
CHAS. KING. S. H. DODGE.

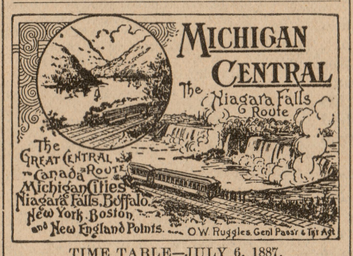
For Sale.

For sale on easy terms, my house and lot, No. 12 Oak street. Lot is 100 x 215 feet. Has an abundance of fruit. A well that never fails. If not sold by Oct. 1st, will be for rent.
tf W. H. BROOKS.

O. L. Matthews, pension attorney of Ann Arbor, will be here to attend to soldiers claims all day Saturday, August 6th, in the Morse block, Congress street. Come and see him. He has had unusual success, and 20 out of 23 claims for increase allowed lately, which shows what kind of work he does. He will put in all of a man's claim even if it does give him fewer fees. He will do the work straight and square, and will tell you exactly how your claim stands. Hundreds of dollars have been lost by fooling with those who don't know the business, or who are too far off to do your work right. 39596

Granulated bone, ground oyster shell and imperial egg food for poultry.
P. H. DEVOE, Congress st.

N.Y. & N.E. SHOE MFRS.
SELLING AGCY.
182 JEFF. AVE. DETROIT.
WRITE FOR PRICE LIST.
BOOTS SHOES
RUBBERS & FELTS.



TIME TABLE—JULY 6, 1887.

GOING EAST.

	Mail.*	Day Exp.*	N.Y. Exp.*	Atl. Exp.†	Nght Exp.†	Grnd Rap.
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	Ex.*
Chicago....	6 50	9 00	3 10	8 15	9 10	....
	pm	pm		am	am	am
Kalamazoo.	12 17	1 50	6 58	12 33	2 35	6 45
Jackson....	3 15	4 23	8 49	3 15	4 50	9 15
Ann Arbor.	4 33	5 30	9 45	4 35	6 08	10 25
YPSILANTI..	4 50	5 45	9 56	4 52	6 24	10 40
Denton's†.	5 00	....	....	....	6 33	....
Wayne Jun.	5 15	6 05	...	5 15	6 47	11 03
W. Detroit.	5 50	6 35	10 35	5 50	7 20	11 35
Detroit.....	6 00	6 45	11 15	6 00	7 30	11 45
		am	am	pm	pm	
Buffalo.....	...	3 35	6 15	2 45	7 50	....

GOING WEST.

	Mail.*	Day Ex.*	Chi. Ex.†	Grnd Rap.	Ev'g Ex.†	Pac. Ex.†
		pm	am	Ex.*	am	am
Buffalo.....	....	11 30	5 45	....	9 00	11 35
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	pm
Detroit ...	7 00	9 10	1 30	4 00	8 00	9 15
W. Detroit.	7 10	9 20	1 40	4 10	8 10	9 25
Wayne Jun	7 40	9 53	2 03	4 45	8 37	9 55
Denton's†..	7 52	....	....	5 00	....	....
YPSILANTI.	8 01	10 12	2 20	5 12	8 58	10 20
Ann Arbor.	8 16	10 25	2 32	5 30	9 12	10 38
Jackson....	9 35	11 35	3 32	7 10	10 52	12 03
		pm			am	am
Kalamazoo	11 52	1 50	5 15	9 45	1 20	2 35
	pm					
Chicago....	5 15	6 40	9 30	....	7 00	8 05

*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Stop on signal.
Trains run on central standard time.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago.
B. M. DAMON, Station Agt, Ypsi.

Tremendous Slaughter!

—ON—

BUGGIES!

McPHERSON & SCOTT

Have decided to reduce the prices on their buggies for the next

30 DAYS!

To make room for extending their gear trade. Now is the time to buy a buggy for the fair at cost.

Call and see our

$80-BUGGY FOR $66.

PENSIONS!

D. B. GREENE has procured more pensions than all the rest of the County.

Call and see him.

He is always at home on PENSION DAY to fix your vouchers. The infirm waited on at home.

FOR SALE!

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOP.

The business, machines and tools of McCullough Bros. Foundry and Machine Shop will be sold on liberal terms if disposed of soon. Apply at works, or address

McCULLOUGH BROS.,
tf Ypsilanti, Mich.

We wish to inform the people of Ypsilanti and vicinity that we have on hand about

100 HEAD!

of very fine steers, and we propose to give them the benefit of it.

You will also find a full line of all kinds of

FRESH MEATS AND SAUSAGE, HAMS, BACON AND SHOULDERS.

We cure all our own meats, consequently they are always fresh and can sell at the very lowest prices.

Come and see before purchasing elsewhere.

H. Fairchild & Co.

New Spring Styles

—IN—

Clothing!

—AT—

Wortley Brother's

THE CLOTHIERS.

Spring Suits, $8, $10, and $12.

Spring Hats, 50c 75c and $1.

The above are merely samples of our prices. We have one of the largest stocks ever placed on our shelves and counters, and will force a lively trade by means of low prices.

Step in and take a look at our recent purchases. You are always welcome.

C. S. Wortley & Bro

Kites Given Away!

Now is the season of the year for flying kites; and it is also the season of the year that

JOE SANDERS

THE CLOTHIER,

has something to give the boys.

He is now giving with every purchase of TWO DOLLARS, or more, a beautiful Banner Kite.

BUY YOUR

Clothing, Hats and Caps

AT NO 1 UNION BLOCK,

and get a Kite for the boys.

Joe Sanders.